The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1904.

The Week.

The President is no doubt giving his attention to the attempt of the Republican State Committee to assess Federal officeholders in Kentucky. The circular letter of the Republican campaigners given out by the Democratic National Committee on Saturday reveals, if genuine, a condition of affairs which must make the former Civil Service Commissioner now in the White House writhe. We all remember with what zeal and indignation he used his powers to stop the collection of contributions from officeholders during the Harrison campaign. The ink on the specific orders against assessments of the present Civil Service Commission is scarcely dry. Yet here we have a most flagrant violation. The chairman of the State Finance Committee writes to the postal clerks and carriers that a list of all Kentucky contributors will be sent to Mr. Cortelyou "to be filed with the records of the National Committee." What else does this mean than an implied promise to refer to them, if after election there are opportunities for new appointments or promotions? The receiver of the letter learns also that it is "confidently expected" that aid and a liberal contribution—not less than $70—will be forthcoming at once. What officeholder will dare to resist so outrageous a "hold-up"? There is nothing left for him but to draw his check for the amount so kindly specified in advance. This ought to make the preacher of political morality in the White House fairly boil over with wrath.

"He dealt with a delicate and difficult situation," writes Senator Fairbanks with regard to President Roosevelt's course toward Panama. This oracular statement is forthwith corroborated by Señor J. Gabriel Duque, editor of the Panama *Star and Herald*, who arrived here last week. With engaging confidence Señor Duque tells the world that he was offered the presidency of the so-called republic if he would lead the rebellion. Whatever may have been the exact terms of the proposal which Señor Duque received, no one will now deny his assertion that the revolution, a "spontaneous uprising of the people," was brought about by a lavish expenditure of money raised in the United States. On this point Señor Duque merely confirms the letters of the staff correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who visited Panama, and the correspondents of other newspapers. Señor Duque, as reported by the *Tribune*, defender of the Administration, assures us:

> "All the rebel generals, with the exception of President Amador, received from $4,000 to $8,000 apiece for their work. The United States was cognizant of this, I believe. It has been said that I had made an agreement with Secretary Hay, but this is false, although we knew that the United States would not allow the Colombian troops to enter Panama, once we had firmly seized the reins of government."

So long as the revolutionists knew that the United States would prevent interference by the Colombian Government—knowledge founded, as the event showed, on the most substantial basis of fact—an agreement with Secretary Hay was wholly superfluous. Obviously, when Secretary Hay telegraphed to Mr. Beaupré that the people of Panama had adopted a government of their own, "republican in form," he meant "in form only."

Roosevelt organs receive in dead silence the statement made by Señor Duque, that the Panama revolution was simply a vulgar plot, hatched and financed in this country under the very eyes of the Administration. Simultaneously with this betrayal of the whole sordid scheme, comes the publication at Bogotá of Gen. Reyes's pamphlet, 'Misión Diplomática y Militar.' It is a colorless account of the fruitless endeavors of Colombia to induce this Government to do justice, showing again how Secretary Hay took fright at the President's illegal course, and would not squarely say to Reyes in Washington what had been said to him, under instructions, by our naval officers at Panama. It is a miserable and humiliating story; but the Republicans do not even care whether there was a national disgrace involved in it. Let us all go on yelling about the rapid-fire President who could "do things," and dismiss questions of morality and public honor as "tiresome."

Prominent among the classes of people supporting Roosevelt, we learn, are the Quakers. Mr. W. D. Foulke says that he does not know of a single Republican Quaker who will not vote for Roosevelt. That candidate, it is true, has expressed the opinion that the Quaker may be as dangerous to his country as the fire-eater. Hence it is a rare exhibition of humility if these lovers of peace none the less trust their fortunes to the apostle of the Big Stick. The campaign has been thus far so destitute of novel features that political managers are justified in catching at any suggestion of an innovation. A parade of Friends with Rough Rider hats in place of the traditional broad-brims would be such a novelty, yet we confess we have faint hope of seeing it. If such an alignment were possible, no news of the same sort could create surprise. We should look next week for the formation of a Steel Rail Manufacturers' Parker and Davis League, a resolution of the New York Liquor Dealers' Association endorsing Swallow, and a Debs club on Fifth Avenue.

J. Edward Addicks of course regards the agreement of Senator Fairbanks to speak in Delaware under the patronage of the Addicks "Union" Republicans as proof that the Addicks faction is now accepted by President Roosevelt. Addicks's Wilmington *Sun* joyfully asserts:

> "The Republican party, in all its organized or recognized official capacity, from its Presidential leader down, has recognized the Union Republican party of this State as a part of and the representative of the national Republican party. This fact brands the so-called 'Regular' party in this State as a rebellious faction, at war with and opposing the success of the national Republican party."

In theory President Roosevelt is implacable toward corruption. His voice has been the shrillest in declaring, "We cannot compromise with dishonesty, with sin"; "No man who condones corruption in others can possibly do his duty by the community." In practice, President Roosevelt will not compromise with dishonesty unless he can thereby gain some advantage for the Republican party; he will not condone corruption except for the sake of electoral votes. Before he appointed Byrne United States District Attorney, he and Postmaster-General Payne said they must recognize the Addicks faction because it had 12,000—mostly purchased—votes, against 8,000 for the Regulars. Although the President later professed that the Byrne appointment was personal, yet his action in the Todd postmastership and the sending of Fairbanks to strengthen the Addicks faction are evidence enough that, in the struggle for decency, the Delaware Regulars must reckon without the aid of the loudest talker about honesty in the United States.

Jaundiced critics of President Roosevelt (we have heard it alleged that such beings exist) will say that his giving out of a letter from Gov. Wright, as if in answer to Judge Parker on the Philippines, is a prostitution of the public service to partisan ends. But we at least cannot so view it. To us it appears one more fearless act of an heroic President, letting the truth be known though it make against even himself. Gov. Wright says that "the continued discussion as to the capacity of the Filipino for self-government and his immediate or ultimate independence is having its effect here, and makes our task

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more difficult." Now this is a shaft aimed directly at Mr. Roosevelt himself, for it was he, the President of the United States, knowing that his words would go with all their official weight to the Philippines, who said in his Memorial Day address in 1902, that our task in the Philippines was the introduction of "the orderly liberty, the law-abiding freedom of the individual, which is the only sure foundation upon which *national independence* can be built." So Gov. Wright is addressing a severe rebuke to President Roosevelt. And that noble man, instead of dismissing or censuring an impudent subordinate, boldly publishes his own condemnation!

Roosevelt is running like a prairie fire—in Europe. So returning travellers gravely tell us. As they step upon the dock, they inform the palpitating reporters that, while of course they are not prepared to say what the campaign conditions are in this country, the Republican outlook in England and on the Continent is most flattering. Viewed from Eatanswill, Pumpernickel, or Torrevecchio, Parker has no show at all. We would say nothing to discourage these amiable prophets whose hearts within them burn, and who apparently say to themselves, "This is my own, my native land, where everything goes." Nor would we speak one unkind word of those distinguished foreigners who inform us, en route to or from St. Louis, that President Roosevelt's election is certain. Their example, however, makes the reticence of Mr. James Bryce the more extraordinary. He is a foreigner who knows this country well, and who follows our politics with eager intelligence, yet he absolutely refuses to be interviewed on the Presidential campaign, and, we understand, notifies his friends that if they see any opinion attributed to him in the press they may set it down as an invention. Perhaps Mr. Bryce is not only recalling Hosea Biglow's advice to those who are suffering from suppressed prophecy, but is mindful of that amazing distortion of his words which made him describe Mr. Roosevelt as the greatest President since Washington.

The withdrawal of Senator Elkins from active campaign work against his father-in-law seems to prove that there was some sagacity among the Democrats when they took a candidate not merely from the enemy's country, but from the family circle of a Republican boss. This is so unusual an element in a political situation that its effect is impossible to gauge, and it perhaps accounts for the extremely conflicting reports from West Virginia. The politicians assume the existence in every State of a large body of voters who are ready to throw to the winds their convictions on the tariff, Imperialism, and the money question, in order to vote for any ticket that has a man from their own State upon it. It must be said that the history of Presidential elections yields very little confirmation of this theory. Since the foundation of the Republican party, its Vice-Presidential candidates have carried their own States eight times and lost them three times. Two of these three failures, moreover, were in years when the national ticket was successful. In the same period the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidates, chosen more uniformly from doubtful States than the Republican, secured their own States five times to seven failures.

"I submit the proposition to any blacksmith in the United States," writes Commissioner Ware in a confident defence of Pension Order No. 78. As an author of effective campaign dodgers, Mr. Ware is close rival to the President. He writes with the same vigor and defiance, and makes his appeal direct to the palpitant heart of the masses. Is the question one of international law? By all means let us refer it to a boatload of clam-diggers. Is it the tariff? Away with the vaporings of "those professional counsellors who have confined themselves to study in the closet"; give us the verdict of the pushcart men and we ask nothing further. This, broadly speaking, seems the principle upon which the Republican advocates construct the brief. "How did the Commissioner get the money to pay those pensions?" Did he "open the Treasury with a crowbar and abstract the money"? No. Every blacksmith knows that Mr. Ware, versatile as he is, is not a cracksman. With the best crowbar ever forged he could not prise his way into the Treasury in less than forty-eight hours; and in that time he would surely be caught. The theory of the crowbar is clearly untenable. What, then, are these lawyers fussing about? Why do they trouble us with their hair-splitting and quibbling? Blacksmiths' Union No. 1 is unanimous, and adjournment is in order.

To "let Lodge down easy" is now the delicate problem that confronts the Massachusetts Republicans. Every member of the party is expected to be politely blind to the fact that he has received a severe caning at the hands of the friends of reciprocity. The Boston Chamber of Commerce's plank on freer trade relations with Canada is to be made a part of the platform by the State Convention on October 7, but the machine will "amplify it with explanatory sentences." These, it is hoped, will convince the public that Lodge, while standing upon such a platform, "is not taking an attitude inconsistent on this matter up to date." The declaration regarding reciprocity is now engaging the attention of ex-Gov. W. Murray Crane, Dana Malone, who is to head the resolutions committee, and Lodge himself. According to the Boston *Herald*, it is immaterial who frames it, as it will "be brought within the sphere of Lodge's pen" before it goes to its final draft. The fact is, it is hoped that the level head of W. Murray Crane will find a way to rescue the party in Massachusetts from the ridiculous plight in which Lodge has landed it. The Republican machine makes no bones of the fact that the friends of reciprocity will be given what they demand. At the same time, it proposes to show that Lodge is triumphant. The latter is making the task as difficult as possible. He has lost his head, and is easily incited to say rash things. He has just been taunted, for example, into defining his position once more. Now he is in favor of reciprocity if it can be so arranged as to satisfy forty-five States of the Union.

Senator Stone's observation that the Missouri campaign on both sides is apathetic beyond all precedent will surprise Easterners who remember that the early summer saw a struggle of unexampled excitement in the primaries. Yet the explanation is probably simple enough It was one of the jokes of the convention which nominated Mr. Folk that his managers did not even know by sight the leading politicians of the old order. The men who used to handle the machinery, set off the fireworks, and arrange the ratification meetings, are not now in control. The peculiar nature of the canvass is shown by the particular question which is just now uppermost in the State newspapers: whether Boss Butler did or did not contribute $200 to the Folk campaign fund. Butler says he followed his invariable custom of past years and gave it to the campaign collector. State Chairman Vandiver says he never received it. Everybody seems to agree that if Butler did contribute the money, it was with a view to discrediting the head of the ticket and masking his own purposes. Since the sole danger to the Folk ticket comes from a nominally Democratic element which dares not fight him in the open, apathy on the surface is only to be expected. As for danger to the ticket through radical disaffection, it is well known that the element aroused by the Circuit Attorney's energetic campaign includes precisely what was best and soundest in Mr. Bryan's following.

United States Senator McLaurin of Mississippi last week tried to defend his client (a white fiend who last winter tortured and burned a negro and his innocent wife under circumstances of unprintable atrocity) on the ground that the burning was a necessity. That there is some logic in this, from the

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Southern point of view, is plain. Where there are courts ready and willing to try negro criminals, the only possible excuse for resorting to lynch law is the contention that the safety of the community as a whole demands it. If his plea is granted, the Senator will have to admit that he represents a State which is still uncivilized, for the first evidence of stability and orderliness is the working of the courts. As a matter of fact, this excuse is as hoary and invalid as the old Southern argument that you must not let the slaves read lest there be a servile insurrection. So, too, is the statement often made by lawless Southerners that there must be lynchings unless the South is to become an impossible residence for white women. But no defender of this institution—not even Senator McLaurin—can excuse the horrible killing on September 21, near Talbotton, Georgia, of two negroes who had actually been declared innocent of the charge of conspiring to murder whites. Doubtless the motives these lynchers would acknowledge are the same offered by the Senator in his defence. The "niggers" must be taught a lesson as a "warning" that this is a white man's country, and that the negro must stay in his "place."

The Huntsville militia company which failed to prevent the lynching of a negro in that city on September 7 has been disbanded. The trial of the cowardly officers who connived at the Statesboro lynching is progressing steadily. Gov. Terrell of Georgia has announced that he will turn over the names of the mob leaders to the Bullock County Grand Jury, and will call upon it to follow the example of the Huntsville special grand jury, which recommended the impeachment of the sheriff, mayor, and chief of police on the charges of wilful neglect of duty and total incompetency. It also urged the reorganization of the police department from top to bottom. Still more notable signs of an aroused public conscience at the South are found in the press. The Atlanta *Constitution's* headlines declared last week that Georgia mobs are "very helpful to Roosevelt." Strongly Democratic as it is, that newspaper stated that the Democratic managers feel as if they might as well give up their efforts to impress the country with their belief that the Democracy is a great law-and-order and constitutional party, if these Southern lynchings are to continue. The Florida *Times-Union* is even more outspoken. In its opinion, "the deadliest enemy that the Southern white man has is that class which is represented by the brutal desperadoes who shot two unarmed and unoffending negroes near Talbotton, Ga., Wednesday." It calls upon the farmers of the South to guarantee protection to the negroes unless they wish to face the prospect "of neglected crops and unpicked cotton." At the same time it urges upon the negroes the duty of keeping their ruffians under.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has just decided that the soldiers' bounty bill, passed by the last Legislature over the Governor's veto, is unconstitutional. This decision is based on the fact that "the act provided for legislation that is in the interest of private individuals, and not for the benefit of the general public." This, the judges now declare, renders any bounty bill unconstitutional. The law in question provided for the payment of $125 to every civil war veteran who had not previously received an enlistment bounty from the State. Technically, bounties and pensions are two different things, but practically they have but one meaning. Anyhow, this particular bounty measure has a haunting resemblance to Order No. 78. It is a pity some way could not be found to get the latter before the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

Is or is not New England cotton manufacturing doomed? The question is perennial. Among the latest to attempt an answer is President Walmsley of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association. He sounded a cheerful note in his annual address this week. There are difficulties, but the way out of them is not hard to see. Of first importance is the labor problem. Mr. Walmsley, a New Bedford manufacturer, thinks there should be "more conciliation between employers and employed." He is averse to any change in the working hours in New England; and as for wages, it is well to look the fact squarely in the face that they never can be brought down to the Southern level. "Any forced attempt," he says, "to reduce wages below a normal standard must inevitably result in failure." Such statements cause a wry face in Fall River. But, undoubtedly, Mr. Walmsley is right in his main contention that the problem before the New England mills is one not of labor, but of management. Many of the older mills, he finds, are in a deplorable condition, physically and financially, due to lack of ability on the part of those in charge. Let such "close down and go out of business altogether, and the sooner the better." On the whole, the cotton industry of New England has little to fear. It will progress in the direction of finer and more varied fabrics, resembling Switzerland in this particular. As a Southern manufacturer points out, Switzerland "buys cotton and sells skill."

The volume of our exports to Cuba is said to be "most discouraging" to those who looked for a large increase in business as a result of the reciprocity treaty. But that was no magician's wand by which all the laws of trade were to be overturned. It was not calculated of itself to throw the commerce of the island into our hands. It did make the way easier for our merchants and manufacturers; and if they have not been willing or able to avail themselves of the opportunity, that is not the fault of the treaty. For the first quarter of the present fiscal year the imports into Cuba from the United States increased only 3 per cent., against a gain of many times that figure in those from the leading European nations, whose cost of production has cheapened while ours has gone up, and whose better understanding of the needs of the Cuban market, and longer datings, continue to give the Englishman, German, and Spaniard the advantage, notwithstanding the tariff concessions to this country. Apparently, the Cuban market is evidently not worth our applying our "dumping" policy to it. But, of course, we are not going to tolerate present conditions forever. Minister Squiers is quite right in telling President Palma that our merchants and manufacturers "will not long support" a reciprocity arrangement which works like the present one. If Palma has half an eye he will quickly perceive that we may soon have to intervene "in the interests of civilization."

It will not be Minister Fielding's fault if his anti-dumping regulations are not made effective by the Canadian customs officials. He does not propose to have foreign goods—notably those from the United States—exported to the Dominion at less than the fair market price in the original country. Knowing well that it is harder to corner the purchaser of "dumped" commodities than to catch a flea, he has framed an invoice which is likely to tax the ingenuity of the importer to the fullest extent. The latter is obliged to swear that the invoice exhibits the fair market value of the goods "at the time and place of direct exportation to Canada, and as when sold at the same time and place in like quantity and condition for home consumption, in the principal markets of the country whence exported directly to Canada, without any discount or deduction for cash or on account of any drawback or bounty, or on account of any royalty actually payable thereon, or payable thereon when sold for home consumption but not payable when exported, or on account of the exportation thereof, or for any special consideration whatever." He must also swear that no different invoice of the goods mentioned has been or will be furnished to any one, and that no understanding has been or will be made between exporter and importer, "either by way of discount, rebate, salary, compensation," etc., other than as shown "in said invoice." Mr. Fielding probably says: "If this does not diminish 'dumping,' it will at least increase perjury."

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THE PARKER CAMPAIGN.

Judge Parker's letter of acceptance contains some effective answers to the challenging document issued by the President three weeks ago. Omniscience being his foible, Mr. Roosevelt undertook to teach the Judge law, with the same patient condescension revealed in his instruction of the bishops in theology. The plight in which jurist Roosevelt is now left can best be exhibited by the use of parallel columns:

PRES'T ROOSEVELT.	JUDGE PARKER.
"It is now asserted 'that the common law, as developed, affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies.' But there is no common law of the United States. Its rules can be enforced only by the State courts and officers. No Federal court or officer could take any action whatever under them."	"Whether there is any common law which can be applied and enforced by the Federal courts, cannot be determined by the President, or by a candidate for the Presidency. "The determination of this question was left by the people in framing the Constitution to the judiciary and not to the Executive. The Supreme Court of the United States has recently considered this question, and, in the case of the Western Union Telegraph Company vs. The Call Publishing Company, to be found in the one hundred and eighty-first volume of the United States Supreme Court reports, at page 92, it decided that common-law principles could be applied by United States courts in cases involving interstate commerce, in the absence of United States statutes specifically covering the case. Such is the law of the land."

Imagine the wigging which the Republican lawyer who stuffed the President will get on his next visit to the White House!

One of the hectoring demands of the President's letter was that calling upon his opponents to say whether his pension order, which they affirm was illegally issued, they would dare revoke. "Will they now authoritatively state that they intend to do this?" "If elected, I will revoke the order," says Judge Parker, quietly. He adds that he will urge Congress to do by law what the President attempted to do by Executive order—that is, give veterans a pension for age. While this is only following up what the Democrats of the House proposed, we are bound to say that we do not like such an approach to the promise of a service pension. But rebuke of Judge Parker for this lies in no Republican mouth. And fancy the jubilation of Mr. Roosevelt's admirers if he had so emphatically replied to an antagonist's challenge. "Teddy Calls his Bluff," would have been the exultant headlines. Well, we hope to hear less of this Republican boastfulness, hereafter, even if the party of moral ideas is compelled to find some other than gambling terms in which to glorify its policies and its candidates.

For the rest, Judge Parker's letter states the issues before the people, and the views which he holds, with explicitness and courage. His inflexible adherence to the gold standard he reiterates. For the Republicans to attempt to flog that dead horse along the road any further is as sensible as it would be to try to make the Julian calendar an issue in this campaign. Judge Parker speaks with emphasis, yet with precision, on the question of imperialism. No one can doubt where he stands. He is for the application of traditional Americanism, both at home and abroad—no man above the law, no subject people beyond the pale of the Constitution. He forcibly controverts the pretence that a promise of independence to the Filipinos would plunge them into war and massacre. He has human nature, if not the Republican wiseacres, on his side when he maintains that it would, rather, stimulate them in worthy national pride and efforts to become fit citizens of a free republic.

Upon the tariff issue Judge Parker puts much more edge than he did in his speech of acceptance. He perceives that the inevitable course of the campaign makes the tariff abominations of the Republican party a powerful weapon in the hands of the Democrats. Judge Parker is telling in his exposure of the way in which the high-tariff dogma has become the article of a standing or falling party with the Republicans. They have turned their back on their own teachings. They have falsified their own professions, and have flouted the solemn warnings of President McKinley, on the subject of tempering protection with reciprocity. President Roosevelt they have compelled to retract his own writings and speeches. Insensate protection, like a baleful obsession, now guides Republican policy. There are Republican tariff revisionists, as Judge Parker points out, but they are powerless in their own party. They may afford valuable aid in tariff reduction if the Democrats are given a mandate to set about that work, but if Roosevelt is elected, what warrant has any rational man for supposing that the Shylocks of protection will not go on exacting their pound of flesh?

Judge Parker has done all that could reasonably be asked of him to make his campaign a success. We have scant sympathy with the demand that he do something startling every week, or make a car-end tour of the country. Have we become so demoralized by the methods of Bryan and Roosevelt that we can take no interest in a political campaign unless it is sensational and spectacular? Are Americans to refuse henceforth to listen to a candidate unless he rides at them like a cowboy "shooting up the town"? We are loath to believe it. We should be sorry to think that effective campaigning must now be one long hysteric appeal to excitable electors, no issue of any value unless it can be shrieked about, no argument to be weighed unless printed with red ink in types a foot high. We recall the Tilden campaign, the Cleveland campaigns. In them the candidate was not expected to make of himself either a peep-show or a daily shocker. Mr. Cleveland, if memory serves, delivered no more than three speeches in 1884. Then, as in 1876 and 1892, the Democrats had a dignified candidate and a good cause. They have both to-day. Never were more important issues more squarely joined. Judge Parker puts them with directness and candor in his letter. It remains for those to whom the principles he lays down are dear, and to whom the perils wrapped up in Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy are grave and imminent, to take up the work of the campaign with steady and heightened enthusiasm.

THE NEW YORK SITUATION.

Presidential candidates and party organs are always, perforce, filled with admiration of the wisdom of political conventions. That is a part of their professional etiquette. Accordingly, Judge Parker is "pleased" with the result at Saratoga, however strong the evidence may be that he wanted another man nominated for Governor. In like manner, President Roosevelt was particularly "delighted" with the action of the Republican Convention. It is known that, in private, he does not conceal his dislike and distrust of Odell; but publicly he is bound to accept whatever the Republican boss proposes, and to be effusive about its being the very wisest course possible. That is one of the differences between a Presidential candidate and an independent newspaper, which, more fortunate than thick-and-thin partisans, is not compelled by the exigencies of politics either to stultify itself or to attempt to deceive its readers. If it has, with the *Sun*, called a man a "desperate political operator," it feels that it is, in decency, debarred from advocating his election as Governor. If it has dwelt upon the impropriety of a judge continuing to be a party boss, it is not ready, with the *World*, to turn a sharp corner and say that "this objection will not exist when he resigns from the bench." The plain moral of that would be that we may rightly say to every politically ambitious judge: "Use your judicial office for all there is in it. Be an open partisan on the bench. Smear your ermine with the oil of the political machine. Then get yourself nominated for a civil office, and all will be forgiven."

For our part we cannot advise anybody to vote for D. Cady Herrick. His ability we do not question. On the bench, so far as we know, he has been an impartial judge. But are we to attack Odellism with a candidate adept in all the disreputable arts of Democratic

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politics in Albany County? Are we to preach judicial propriety while nominating a man who has been a local party boss though a judge? It will be said that Herrick was a useful organizer for Mr. Cleveland. So was the notorious Rasin of Baltimore, but that does not fit him to be Governor. That Herrick has long been Hill's enemy will be brought forward as a conclusive argument; but that alone is not enough. No; earnestly desiring as we do the success of the Democratic national ticket, we have our own character and consistency to sustain, and will not support Herrick for Governor. In passing by Jerome and Shepard to nominate him, the Democratic Convention deliberately threw away its great opportunity.

But while we feel and reiterate the grave objections to Judge Herrick which should have prevented his nomination, we are disposed to do full justice to the work of the Democratic Convention in other respects. The nominees for the minor offices seem to be much above the average. Of Mr. Harrison, named for Lieutenant-Governor, nothing but good is said by those familiar with his record in Congress. The final decision in the case of the judicial nominations was very gratifying. It definitively takes the Court of Appeals out of politics. This is more noteworthy in that it was a wise and proper step at variance with the desires and hopes of the machine Democrats. They wanted to make spoils of the judgeships, and they had an ostensible reason in the arbitrary methods of Odell as well as in the previous partisan attitude of Judge Werner. But, happily, the personal resentments and malign counsels of Hill were, in this matter, resolutely put aside. His personal discomfiture was heightened by the complete collapse of his cherished Stanchfield boom, and also by the failure of his eleventh-hour scheme to conspire with Boss McCarren and force the nomination of Comptroller Grout. It is a pity that the men who broke down all those Hill plots had not determination enough to keep on, and compel the nomination of a better man for Governor.

The actual situation in the New York State election is plainly one to perplex the independent voter. He was never more courted at the polls, yet never more flouted in conventions. Both candidates hasten to assure him—Lieut.-Gov. Higgins at Olean and Judge Herrick at Albany—that they are their own masters, and that every voter who hates a boss ought to be for them. Yet men sworn to no party will not find the choice simple. It is not an instance of being happy were 'tother away, but were both away. Neither is a candidate that independents would have chosen; yet one nomination made the other possible. If Odell had been willing to take a man like Root, the Democrats would never have thought of naming Herrick.

We do not pretend to say at present what choice of evils should be made by independents. One thing to remember is that the independent vote cannot be "delivered." Any self-constituted custodian who tries to put it in a bag and carry it to a given destination, will find that he has a light burden on arrival. To be an independent is to be independent. It is improper to speak of him as "bolting," for that implies that he sometimes submits to the curb. The situation which the unattached and conscientious voter has now to face is this: On one side he has a candidate of respectable record and good business ability, put forward by one of the most ruthless and predatory political machines ever constructed. The Democratic platform, in its scathing attacks upon Odell, only speaks the thoughts of many Republican hearts. On the other side, we have a party which exhibits a great improvement, on the whole, upon its course and control in this State for some years past, with a candidate who is admittedly of great ability and marked personal force, and of irreproachable private life, yet whose political activities in the past have been highly questionable, and whose mixing up of politics with jurisprudence has been, as the *Times*, which supports him, says, both an "impropriety and a scandal." Clearly, then, those who think the objections to Higgins and his bad company more weighty than those which lie against Herrick and *his* company, will make their choice accordingly, and vice versa. What the independent voter, alone with his conscience and a lead pencil, will do, can no more be predicted than what a jury will do. But it is certain that he will do what he thinks for the public good, and that, unlike the partisan and the ignorant, he will be able perfectly to discriminate between national and State issues.

NEW YORK IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

It is natural that, now as so often before, the political interest of the country should centre upon New York. The experience of more than a century proves that six times out of seven the candidate for whom it votes becomes President. It has taken part in twenty-eight Presidential elections. It has voted on the losing side at four. On three of these occasions its support was lent to distinguished sons of its own. De Witt Clinton was one of the greatest public men to whom its soil has given birth. In 1812 his popularity, and the opposition of the commercial centres to the foreign policy of the Administration and to the second war with Great Britain, won for him its vote as against James Madison. In 1868 the Tammany Hall of William M. Tweed was at the height of its power. It pleased it in that year to show its strength, and Horatio Seymour received in the counties below the Harlem a larger proportion of their total vote than was ever before or has ever since been given to any Presidential candidate. His majority below the river was 30,000 more than that given to McClellan four years before. As a result, he received the electoral votes of the State. Eight years afterwards another great New Yorker, Samuel J. Tilden, then Governor, carried his State by what was absolutely, although not relatively, the largest plurality it had up to that time ever given a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Had conditions in the South been then what they ever since have been, he would, of course, have succeeded to the Presidential chair. As it was, after the country had been for months on the verge of civil war, Hayes was inaugurated. The sole occasion upon which New York has voted for an unsuccessful Presidential candidate who was not one of its own citizens was in 1856, when it gave to John C. Frémont the then enormous plurality of 80,000—a figure relatively even greater than the 143,000 by which McKinley carried the State in 1900. For nearly ten years prior to 1856, the Democratic party had been torn asunder by the quarrels of its "Barnburners," of its "Hunkers," its "Hards," and its "Softs." It was the effect of this long factional warfare even more than the strength of the American or Know-Nothing party which made Buchanan so much weaker a candidate before its voters than he was before those of the other doubtful States of the North.

At each of the other twenty-four Presidential elections the man for whom New York voted became President. At fourteen of these quadrennial contests New York merely swelled the majority for the victor. Washington, Jefferson at his second election, Madison at his first, Monroe, Jackson, the elder Harrison, Pierce, Lincoln in 1864, Grant in 1872, Cleveland in 1892, and McKinley would have been elected if it had voted against instead of for them. Ten times, however, New York has given what amounted to the casting vote. In 1796 it elected Adams only to defeat him four years later. In 1824 it was in its power to make Jackson President a Presidential term before he actually attained the dignity. In 1836, without its support Van Buren would not have been chosen. In 1844 it crushed the life-long ambitions of Clay, as forty years later it did those of Blaine. In 1848 it made Taylor President. Without its support in 1860 Lincoln would have been beaten. Garfield in 1880, Cleveland in 1884, and Harrison in 1888 owed their success to it. The ardent enthusiasm which both Clay and Blaine were able to in-

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spire and maintain in the breasts of millions of their countrymen, and the narrow margin by which New York voted against each of them, gave a dramatic character to its decision in 1844, and again in 1884, which has sometimes been lacking even when weightier consequences turned upon its judgment.

It is impossible to form even an approximate idea as to what the ultimate results of a contrary decision by New York at some Presidential elections would have been upon the entire future history of the country. If in 1796 its electors had voted for Thomas Jefferson instead of for John Adams, no Alien and Sedition laws would have been enacted; no Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions adopted. Far more momentous, however, John Marshall would never have become Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and in that event the Constitution to-day would have been in substance, though not in form, essentially unlike what it now is. In 1800 if Aaron Burr had not wrested the County of New York from the control of the Federalists, Napoleon Bonaparte would have offered Louisiana to John Adams instead of to Thomas Jefferson. Would Adams have accepted it? In 1860, if the combined opposition to Lincoln had been able to carry the State against him, he would not have become President. The House of Representatives would have chosen either Breckinridge or Bell. There would not at that time have been any secession or any civil war. It is at least conceivable that African slavery might still have legal existence among us.

Great as are the changes which a century has brought about, it is curious how persistent are some of the peculiarities of New York politics in matters which would seem to be of an essentially transitory nature. On general principles, nothing would appear more likely to be short-lived than the factional quarrels of rival politicians professing the same political faith. The deadly enemies of yesterday are the closest allies of to-day; the men who last year were inseparable associates, this year leave nothing tending to their mutual destruction undone. Yet for more than a century there have been few periods in which the course of the political history of New York has not been largely influenced, and sometimes altogether dominated, by these factional fights and their consequences. "Martling men," "Quids," "Bucktails," "Clintonians," "Barnburners," "Hunkers," "Hards," "Softs," "Silver Grays," "Conscience Whigs," "Stalwarts," "Half-breeds," are only a few among the many curious appellations, some meaningless, some expressive, which have been at one time or another given to the factions into which its political parties have been divided. In 1848 certainly, on a number of other occasions probably, these factional disputes have given the electoral votes of the State to Presidential candidates who, but for such quarrels, would not have received them. What part the bitterness between the followers of Platt and of Odell will play in determining the result on the eighth of November next will not be known until after the election has been held, and very probably not even then.

Another peculiarity of New York politics is that as a rule the Democratic party can command more support on State than on national issues. This was a well-recognized rule sixty years ago, when Whigs and Democrats struggled with each other for the control of the State. It has been still more marked and persistent since the Republican party was organized. Only at two of the Presidential elections since 1854 has the Republican party in New York failed to show greater relative strength at a Presidential election than it did at the last preceding State election. One of these exceptions was in 1864, when Lincoln's plurality was less than 7,000, as against 29,000 given the year before to Chauncey Depew, then the Republican candidate for Secretary of State. The other was in 1876, when Governor Tilden had a plurality of 32,000, as against one of only 13,000 given in 1875 to Lucius Robinson, the Democratic candidate for Comptroller. In New York the Republican plurality for President has averaged for the entire twelve elections since that party was organized something over 45,000. At the State elections next preceding the Presidential elections the average Democratic plurality was about fifty votes. Of course the enormous pluralities received by McKinley in 1896 and 1900 make averages which include these figures essentially deceptive as to the real relative strength of the two parties in the State. Confining the comparison to the period beginning in 1855 and ending in 1892, it appears that the average Republican plurality at the ten Presidential elections held during that period was 13,600, while the average Democratic plurality at the elections next preceding those same Presidential elections was 10,800; that is, the Republican party seemed to be during that period between 24,000 and 25,000 votes stronger at Presidential than at State elections.

CITY VOTE VS. COUNTRY VOTE.

Good crops make Republican votes in the country. High prices for the necessaries of life make Democratic votes in the cities. Behind the immediate issues these two counteracting tendencies have for years been in operation. They play an important part in the complex motives which induce each man to cast his vote in a given way. The Democrats are asking the dweller in the city to reckon how the era of high prices has affected his personal economy. The Republicans meanwhile claim the farmer vote as an asset. The index of their campaign book shows just twice as many references to farms and farmers as to gold and the gold standard combined. President Roosevelt himself has dispelled the impression that he was not enthusiastic over farmers as a class, by applying to them, in his letter of acceptance, the complimentary adjectives "steadfast, single-minded, and industrious." "The farmers did it," cried the Republicans joyously when they saw the Vermont political barometer pointing to "set fair." But they have not put away their umbrellas on that account. The weather-wise among them realize that the result will be decided in States where the rural vote is not omnipotent. There can be no doubt that in this election the cities, as such, will assume exceptional importance. If the Republican ticket is defeated, it will be largely through their influence. Four years ago there were sixty-three Congressional districts made up of large cities with their suburbs. Of them 34 were represented by Republicans and only 29 by Democrats. To-day, of 75 such districts, 40 have sent Democrats to Congress and only 35 Republicans.

Local contests furnish an untrustworthy guide at best for a forecast of national results, and yet the municipal elections of the past four years also make a striking showing. A long list may be made of cities now governed by Democratic mayors which have had Republican or Independent administrations and displaced them since the last Presidential election. It includes New York, Boston, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Hartford, Reading, Elizabeth, Camden, Bridgeport, Trenton, Davenport, Ia., Manchester, N. H., Chattanooga, Sacramento, Springfield, Ill., Newport, and Williamsport, Pa. Of the cities in this list, New York and Indianapolis, it is true, had Democratic mayors at the date of the election in 1900, but they have had since that time Independent and Republican administrations respectively, and in their last elections displaced them by straight Democratic. The aggregate population of these cities is nearly six million. The list of places which in the same period have displaced Democratic by Republican mayors contains about as many names, but Buffalo is the largest city in the list, and the aggregate population is less than two million. This comparison takes account only of cities that have changed the complexion of their local administrations in their last, or almost their last, elections. If the list were to include all those now having Democratic mayors, such cities as Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, and Baltimore would have to be added.

The latest information we have as to the shift of votes comes, of course, from the September elections. These have been widely celebrated as auguries for Republican success, and yet if there is one phe-

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nomenon which they reveal clearly and convincingly, it is the divergence of city and country vote and the unmistakable Democratic trend of the former. Even in Vermont the county containing the largest city, Burlington, was one of the two which showed actual Democratic gains and Republican losses.

In Maine it is unquestionably true that the license issue was extremely potent in increasing the Democratic vote in the cities, and that in 1900 the Democrats were badly disorganized; yet, even making allowances for these facts, a separation of the city from the country vote gives surprising results. Maine has seven cities of more than 10,000 population. In 1900 they gave Hill, the Republican candidate for governor, 13,528, and his opponent, Lord, but 6,266. This year, the same seven cities gave Cobb, the Republican, 13,290, and Davis, the Democrat, 10,780. In other words, while the Republicans had actually lost 1½ per cent. on their city vote, the Democrats had gained no less than 71½ per cent. Outside of these cities, in the same period, the Republicans had increased their vote 9 per cent., to the Democrats' 23 per cent. Just how far these particular percentages are due to local issues no man is wise enough to say. But the tendency they disclose is general: the Republicans gained votes only in the country. The Democrats gained three times as fast in the cities as in the country.

Only one-sixth of Maine's voters live in the cities. Yet it needs no complicated calculation to see the bearing of her election on those States where the urban population is the dominant factor. New York has thirty-eight cities of 10,000 population or over. They gave McKinley in 1900 472,262 votes to 349,730 which he received in other places. Bryan's city vote was 455,189 to 223,197 in the country. It was pointed out very promptly when the Maine returns came in that, to apply the Republican net gain of 6.6 per cent. and the Democratic net gain of 28 per cent. to New York, would still leave it in Republican hands by nearly 8,000. If the country and city figures be looked at separately, however, they show a very different result. Leave out of account any loss of the Republicans in the cities, give them their full percentage of increase in the country, and then allow the Democrats even half the proportional gains they made in Maine, city and country, and the calculation shows a Democratic plurality of 15,000. Of course, nobody imagines that such changes as those in Maine are even remotely possible in New York—they would give Parker no less than 200,000 votes to spare; but it is not unfair to say that if the figures mean anything at all, they may well be disquieting to the Republicans. The change of votes necessary to carry Indiana and Illinois is considerably less than that for New York. For West Virginia, it is about the same.

A SECOND HAGUE CONFERENCE.

In acceding to the request of the Interparliamentary Union that he invite the nations to a second Hague Conference, President Roosevelt has taken a commendable step. It may be impossible to reassemble the Peace Congress soon—Russia and Japan could scarcely send representatives at present—and the unsettled questions may not be disposed of even when the delegates do find themselves at The Hague; but the President has, at any rate, shown his hearty good will, and, by so much, officially committed the United States to disapproval of war. It is Mr. Roosevelt's own fault if a certain suspicion attaches to him in his rôle of ingeminator of peace, and if cynics interpret this action of his as only a part of his general programme of being "good" until after November 8. A man who has spoken with such contempt as he has done of the idea of permanent peace among nations, and whom "cant about humanity" has so nauseated in his warlike ardor, will have to make many peaceful speeches and do many things really to promote disarmament and to discourage the belligerent spirit, before he will be accepted in entire seriousness as the original non-resistant.

The first Peace Conference, it will be remembered, met at The Hague on May 17, 1899; delegates from twenty-six nations adopted three conventions, three declarations, and seven resolutions. The declarations prohibited the use of dum-dum bullets and projectiles containing asphyxiating gases, and prohibited the throwing of explosives from balloons for a period of five years. The conventions related to the laws and customs of war on land and the adaptation to maritime warfare of the principles of the Geneva Conference of 1864, and, most important of all, provided for the peaceful adjustment of international differences. The third established the Hague Court of Arbitration, to which, at President Roosevelt's request, Venezuela and her European creditors referred the questions at issue between them. By this act the President rendered a notable service to the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

A reference to the resolutions adopted at the Peace Conference, which were merely "expressions of wishes," shows plainly the need of another meeting of the nations. The delegates of 1899 were forced to leave much of their work unfinished. They could not, for instance, go any further with the "limitation of the military charges which so oppress the world," beyond saying that it "is greatly to be desired, for the increase of the material and moral welfare of mankind." They asked for another conference or conferences for the revision of the Convention of Geneva, for the regulation of the rights and duties of neutrals, for the consideration of the immunity of private property on the high seas during war, and for the regulation of naval bombardments of ports, cities, or villages. In addition, the conference urged upon the various governments study of the questions relating to muskets and marine artillery and to the limitation of war budgets and of the land and naval forces.

Obviously, if nothing of moment had occurred in the last five years, President Roosevelt would still be amply justified in asking for another international conference in the hope of adjusting some of these disputed questions and of renewing the five-year agreement in regard to the use of war balloons. But the deplorable war in Mantchuria has brought to the front a number of questions which call for prompt study and settlement, while emphasizing anew the need of further light upon contraband of war and the duties of neutrals. We need not recall the excitement of the English press and the public a month ago over the Russian seizures in the Red Sea. This was a grave enough menace to the world's peace to make it highly important that the law governing the right of a belligerent warship to search merchantmen on the high seas should be codified as speedily as possible. The *Ryeshitelni* incident at Chefoo has also made necessary a new definition of the rights and duties of neutrals whose harbors are entered, together with a fresh statement of the proper procedure in the event of violations of neutrality.

The development of modern warfare and of modern news-getting has also brought forward for settlement some entirely new questions. The Hague Conference found itself unable to deal with the cutting of cables by the United States in the war of 1898. Since that time wireless telegraphy has reached such a stage of usefulness as to lead Russia to declare its apparatus contraband and to threaten to treat its operators as spies. Floating mines have played a more important part in this war than ever before—to the surprise of naval officers as well as of laymen. Breaking from their moorings, they have floated far from the actual scene of hostilities into waters navigated by peaceful merchantmen, to their great danger. The limitations, if any, of the submarine boat should next be considered by the second Hague Conference, which could not fail to extend the present three-mile limit of the coast jurisdiction of nations. The development of naval and land artillery imperatively dictates an extension of such neutral waters to at least six miles from shore.

In drafting his call to the nations, other important points will doubtless

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occur to the President and his advisers upon which it will be wise and humane to lay much stress. Leadership in this direction will confer far more and more lasting honor upon the President and his country than any achievements in the way of building battleships, or assertions that the only way to secure peace is to speak softly and carry a big stick. By his promise to call another Hague Conference, Mr. Roosevelt has himself shown the falsity of the latter doctrine. What a pity it is that to his discredit must be set down his scorning of the earnest recommendations of the first Conference to "increase the material and moral welfare of mankind" by limiting expenditures for war, and his unceasing appeals for more fighting men and greater armaments!

DUMONT ACQUITTED BY DUMONT.

The report on the investigation of the *Slocum* disaster by the local Board of Steamboat Inspectors, printed in Friday's papers, is precisely what might have been expected. James A. Dumont and his fellow-officials have sat in judgment upon themselves, primarily, and upon the officers of the *Slocum* secondarily. They have, without a blush of shame, pronounced themselves not guilty, while punishing the other wrongdoers by revoking their licenses. Only in the records of their own inspection service can this shocking farce be paralleled. When the steamer *Rio Janeiro* sank off the Golden Gate in 1901 with a loss of 128 lives, the San Francisco Board of Inspectors similarly cleared its own skirts. It as solemnly shirked all blame for faulty life-preservers, for boats that could not be lowered, and for the absence of watertight compartments, gravely censuring the ship's engineer for not leaving his post of duty to help lower boats that either could not be put overboard or that sank when finally launched.

The San Francisco Dogberrys did not even pretend to defend themselves; but James A. Dumont and his associates have felt the need of replying to attacks, and have not hesitated, in their attempt to hide their shortcomings, to resort to obvious misstatements. They coolly find that the life-preservers which one of their subordinates inspected were in every case up to the requirements, and aver that double the quantity of life-saving equipments would not have rescued an additional life. The day after the catastrophe the *Evening Post* declared, editorially, after talks "with those who drew ashore bodies actually weighted down by the life-preservers," that these life-belts, "when thrown into the water, sank like stones; when ripped open, displayed a mixture of soggy cork and glue no more buoyant than so much dirt." And in rebuttal of all this, Dumont, trapped at last, asserts that a solid cork preserver of the date of 1875 is still buoyant! If this proves the Dumont case, Henry Lundberg, the dropped inspector who passed the *Slocum*, has a right to sue for reinstatement. If the adequacy of all the *Slocum's* preservers can be established by the simple say-so of a board of whitewashers, then why were no less than 1,365 of 1,500 preservers on the *Slocum's* sister ship, the *Grand Republic*, proved defective by the inspectors from other ports who conducted the reëxamination of steamboats in this harbor?

Even Dumont seeks to break the force of his false statement that "no dead bodies were taken from the water with life-preservers on them," and his assertion that the equipment was not at fault, by admitting that manufacturers do not always live up to the requirements for life-preservers. But this is precisely the reason why the Government of the United States pays Dumont and his inspectors to pass upon them. That is plainly not Dumont's idea of the reasons for his employment. It never has been in all his long and harmful official career. Now, he suggests that the best way to guard against deception is to station inspectors in the factories to supervise the making of the belts; and it is, doubtless, quite impossible to make him realize that thereby he confesses the hopeless inadequacy and inefficiency of that whole inspection service of which he was for so many years, owing to his political "pull," the responsible head.

If it is necessary to point out further the utter worthlessness of this opinion of Dumont upon Dumont, we would cite his statement that Coroner Berry failed to appear as a witness. That official has already declared the statement false, and has asserted that, ready and willing to testify as he was, he was never called upon. It is quite likely that Dumont was eager to acquiesce in this apparent failure to respond because the coroner's jury had held Inspector Lundberg for passing the *Slocum*. Of this the Dumont report has nothing to say, just as it overlooks the indictment of Inspectors Lundberg and Fleming by the Federal grand jury on July 29 for negligence causing manslaughter, the penalty for which is ten years at hard labor. These men are still awaiting trial.

But Dumont falls back upon the inefficiency of the crew as his main excuse for the loss of the 959 lives. Their failure to see that the hose was properly stretched, to lower the boats, and to stop the fire when it was first seen, is unquestionably largely responsible for the extent of the catastrophe. Whose duty is it to supervise the crew and see that it is efficient? Will Dumont maintain that his functions cease when his inspectors have passed upon a vessel's physical equipment? He declares that the captain and pilot failed to perform "their lawful duty by giving frequent instruction to the crew and exercising them in fire and other drills." But are such failures, such violations of the regulations, discoverable only at a cost of 959 lives? Section 4445 of the Revised Statutes requires that a master, a mate, a pilot, or an engineer must give his oath to do his duty "faithfully and honestly." Is an annual inspection of a vessel in dock the only way of discovering whether these oaths are being lived up to? Obviously not. And even Dumont could not have the hardihood to declare that his inspectors are without the power to order fire drills as often as they deem it necessary.

Far from really exculpating anybody, this report merely emphasizes the outrageous condition of the inspection service, and the need of a general overhauling of the laws so that others than inspectors shall sit in judgment upon inspectors. It alone should lead to Dumont's removal, although this will doubtless be deferred until the Federal board of inquiry reports, a short time hence. By its exposure of Dumont's methods in 1903, the *Evening Post* was able to bring about his removal from the headship of the service, but his transfer to this city followed. This was an undoubted if slight gain. But the Secretary of Commerce, and Mr. Roosevelt himself, will be censurable if a sweeping reorganization of the inspectors and the regulations governing them is not started as soon as Congress meets. Even in the Post-Office Department there is no greater need for officials "clean as a hound's tooth," and for a complete and thoroughgoing overhauling.

JAPAN AND THE JINGOES.

For a decade or more the worshippers of Jingo, the Anglo-Saxon god of war, have manifested the deepest interest in the welfare of the brown and yellow races. In international affairs, as in business, they have contended that the big fish must swallow the little, convinced that in "that great and wide sea wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts," the Anglo-Saxon is the great leviathan which the Lord had "made to play therein." They even persuaded sundry theologians that Asia was a field "white already to harvest"; and that "Western civilization" should promptly enter in and possess it. Senator Beveridge, who had gone ahead to spy out the land, had reported that it was fair, flowing with milk and honey; and it seemed both unwise and unscriptural to leave such a region in the hands of heathen.

The onward movement would have begun long ago had it not been for certain differences of opinion about the details of the campaign. All were agreed, with the religious press, that

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the Gatling gun should precede the gospel, but there harmony ended. From the standpoint of the "sociologist," it was argued that by cosmic law the aggregation of the outlying regions of the world into a few great states must proceed either by the extension of empire or the extension of democracy. While the *Dreikaiserbund*, Nicholas, William, and Theodore, were convinced that the spread of empire would be the best strategy, there were others who contended that it would look better to extend self-government, "in our own way and at our own time." Then when the discussion passed from strategy to tactics, further differences appeared. Capt. Mahan contended that rulership of the earth depends on the possession of "keys," and that the nation which first should seize the largest bunch of them would be an easy victor. The author of 'American Ideals' argued for the efficacy of the Big Stick, while Mr. Brooks Adams thought that the issue of the conflict would turn upon the control of mines of metals which should be beaten into swords rather than ploughshares. Others, finally, placed their reliance wholly in the sheer superiority of the Anglo-Saxon, and proposed an immediate start, confident that the dominant race would succeed in "muddling through" somehow.

Here matters hung until those upstart Japanese had the presumption to take a hand in a game which only white nations could play. The disciples of Buddha were supposed to be living a life of contemplation, calming their passions, and awaiting absorption in Nirvana — to which the Jingoes intended to speed them at a convenient season. These pygmies, in fact, were considered the very lightest part of the white man's burden; and the seizure of their ports was scheduled to occur without more serious resistance than the banging of gongs to frighten the foreign devils, or an ultimate resort to hara-kiri. True, the Japanese had fought tolerably well in the war with China, and some of the Jingoes would have conceded that they might make fair soldiers under commanders of some superior race, such as Shafter or Buller or Alexieff; but the idea that they could be a serious factor when Powers of the first class should begin to partition Asia, was preposterous. It was to be America for Americans, Asia for the Anglo-Saxon Alliance, and Nirvana for the Japanese.

But what a situation now confronts us! Here is a yellow nation that is actually "doing things" to one of the great world-powers which, by a fixed law of "sociology," was to have an important part in the cosmic process of wiping inferior races off the map. On the very soil where Brooks Adams had prepared an arena for the conflict over the partition of Asia, Oyama is driving the Russians before him. Key after key which the superior nation had seized, after the most approved plan, falls into the hands of the impudent Japanese. Where the matter will end we know not; it is all so different from the rules of Jingo strategy. The whole affair is disturbing. How in Heaven's name can we take up the white man's burden if the little brown or yellow brother is going to act like this? How are you going to civilize people who have a pure joy in being killed in battle? There is nothing like this in the war lore of the Jingo. He goes out to his crowded hour with a retinue of special correspondents, and, though willing to die, simply *must* live long enough to write up his campaign for the magazines and run for office.

For ourselves, we can see but one way out of the situation. The people of Asia can never be allowed to possess their own soil, worship such gods as they choose, and attend to their own concerns; that is clearly impossible. The cosmic process of empire-building must go on to the bitter sociological end. Asia must be opened, at all costs, to the white man's armies, missionaries, and capitalists. Why not, then, admit the Japanese to the Anglo-Saxon alliance? England has already concluded a treaty with them, and is now in Tibet getting a few chestnuts out of the fire while Russia is otherwise engaged. Secretary Hay's diplomacy, we are sure, is equal to the delicate task of arranging a ceremony of blood adoption, by which the subjects of the Mikado may acquire the standing of a white race, and become entitled to share in what we cannot prevent them from taking for themselves. Make Marshal Oyama a Knight of the Garter, give Gen. Kuroki an honorary membership in the Rough Riders, and the thing is accomplished. Mr. Dooley long ago urged that Irish, Polish, Italian, and African Anglo-Saxon clubs should be organized; and we see no reason why a Japanese branch should not be established. In such company even the courteous and inoffensive Japanese might in time learn to bluster, swagger, talk volubly of war and preparedness for it, and become an international nuisance.

ELBA IN SUMMER TIME.

PORTO FERRAJO, August 29, 1904.

The Allies who, in 1814, chose Elba as a place of safekeeping for Napoleon, may have known what they were about better than we think. What with the complications of boat and railway connection and the weather, the island is difficult to get to and away from even now. Years ago I started hither from Piombino, but was blown back by a tempest. I have said "Elba in summer time," but I doubt if anybody ever comes here at any season except a very few yachting people. Even the excellent Baedeker makes one or two errors in the scant paragraph he devotes to it.

This time I took the small steamer *Venezia* by night, from Genoa to Leghorn, waited over there the next day, as there was no direct connection, and sailed at eight the following morning, by the still smaller steamer *Giannutri*. This route gives you a very pleasant acquaintance with the Tuscan archipelago. Meloria, where Genoa destroyed the sea power of Pisa, is only a bit of coral reef with an old beacon-tower on it. We laid a straight course for Gorgona, a pretty island with a penal settlement. Then we laid another straight course for Capraja. I had a most excellent breakfast with the polite captain on his bridge. A subsiding sea was running, a legacy of hard gales that had been blowing from the southwest. Corsica was long in sight, and later Monte Cristo, all, like the heaving sea, deliciously blue. The chief resource of this navigation, alas! is of but a gloomy sort, namely, the supply of the penal settlements, for there is another on Capraja and there are two more on Elba, and still another on Pianosa. We could see a few of the convicts in striped cottons moving about among the vines like a larger sort of ants, or they would come out as oarsmen in a rowboat. It is not the custom to land at any wharves. Baedeker gives Capraja 2,000 inhabitants, but I was told that that figure dated back to the time when the Government had a large tobacco factory and a free port here; now, there are only about 300.

Still another straight course, and we reached the island of Elba, high and bold, at the little village of Marciana, Mt. Capanne rising more than 3,000 feet above it. Red patches of soil showed the iron ore, the mineral wealth of the island. Many traces of recent fires were seen in the woods, and a large one was burning at the very same time on the east coast of Corsica. Why might not the destruction of the forests, of which we hear so much, have occurred from such causes without supposing malice or indifference on the part of the inhabitants to the trees? Marciana is—the taste is going out—still tinted with bright hues, and barks were drawn up on its strip of beach, all about as ancient-looking as if it were in the time of the Phœnicians. We made fast to an iron buoy, embarked a respectable old lady and disembarked some supplies, among which, grateful to note, was a good consignment of soap; there is woful need of it in many such a place. We cast off; the sea boils under the paddle. "*Avanti adagio* (easy ahead)!" "*A tutta forza* (full speed ahead)!" We are away, and about half-past four we round into the landlocked capital, Porto Ferrajo. We had long seen from a distance, like a new Vesuvius, the smoke of its large blast furnaces, which were established four years ago and are still the talk of the country. I had been told that Porto Ferrajo was a *forno*, a furnace, and in this respect it is; but I suppose I escape the extreme heats of the summer, for the temperature has been entirely agreeable during my stay.

The little port is most cosy and homelike; it is enclosed between the arms of two prodigious fortresses, the "Falcone" and the "Stella," dating from the rule of the Medici, and stone and plaster houses clustered on the slope, making a town of 3,700 inhabitants. In the day of the Medici most like they had a chain stretched across its mouth, and at night comfortably locked it and put the key in their pockets. An interesting part of the enclosure is the for-

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mer galleys and arsenal, still a large prison; it has a columned portico entrance, and terminates in a curious old octagonal tower, popularly called the "Tower of Passanante," from the assassin who attempted the life of King Umbert in 1878, and was confined and died in it. On the other side, clean seawater runs in a moat like a Dutch canal past a gateway of 1694, which leads to the pleasant sea baths of "Neptune," on the outer coast. The buildings about the port are all stoutly sloped, buttress-fashion, to resist I cannot say what, perhaps a chance hurricane that may pick up the water and hurl it against them. A new Florentine palace that gives a *cachet* of distinction near the centre, contains a club and a bank and apartments, and is the creation of a leading citizen whose enterprises are on every tongue. There is plenty of color and character in the look of the town, and resources for a painter. It must be remembered that the smoke-belching iron works are outside of all this; they are established on the flats that were once Government ponds for evaporating salt, which were abolished to give them the place. The Porto Ferrajo streets are wide, bright, and comparatively clean, and are entirely paved with large granite blocks, which climb the slopes in the form of broad flights of steps, with an impressive effect. But there are plenty of bad odors about, and the inn is shabbily kept, though the restaurant part of it, in separate hands, is just now very good.

One has to wonder why the Medici needed fortresses of such tremendous size in a miniature isle like Elba, but it appears that it was subjected to continual descents from contending Powers, and especially the Turks; it was considered an advantageous base for navigation; and they hoped to dominate from there Corsica, Tuscany and Liguria. The greater of the two, a regular Gibraltar of a place, the "Falcon," with all its rambling bastions, covered ways, and curtains, its scarps and counterscarps, ravelins, lunes and demilunes, is offered for sale, for a very few thousand francs; and, what is more, there goes with it the ex-imperial palace of Napoleon. Any amateur of the historic can buy so much of antiquity for a mere song; it might almost pay to do it for the whim of the thing. What the purchaser could do with the fortress I don't know, but the town residence of Napoleon has an attractive site, and, for one who was willing to stay here, might be redeemed. When I first arrived I was astonished at the simplicity of everything connected with Napoleon's stay. I had fancied, I do not know why, a certain amount of substantial grandeur belonging to the reign even of a King of Elba. But the isle was a primitive place, without conveniences or luxuries; nobody had resided there in a luxurious way. The Allies took no account of such things, and their immortal captive had to adjust himself the best he could. When he landed—and they had not even been notified of his coming—the City Hall was hastily utilized for his dwelling. He could not endure the constant publicity and hubbub there, and from the first eagerly sought to make himself more suitable abodes in both the town and the country. He found on the top of the slope between the two forts a couple of small dwellings belonging to the engineer corps, joined them into one, with a central body, threw down windmills and other obstacles all round about, getting light and air and a charming view of the sea, and at the back of the residence thus improvised made a pretty garden.

I take my details from a certain Pons (de l'Hérault), who was the superintendent of the iron mines at the time of his arrival, and was made by him Prefect of Lyons during the Hundred Days. A manuscript by this Pons was found in the Library of Carcassonne, and published, with an excellent introduction, by Professor Pélissier, in 1897. It is entitled 'Souvenirs et Anecdotes de l'Isle d'Elbe' (Paris: Plon, Nourrit & Co.). I mean to send for it, as it is novel and very entertaining, but here I have only had the loan of it over Sunday, by the courtesy of the Municipal Librarian, and have had to make much haste so as not to take undue time from my excursions. I had extraordinary difficulty in getting anything about Napoleon and Elba in advance. I inquired in the bookstores of Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa—not a thing, not the smallest scrap of a guide, not a map. They had said I would find all that at Elba itself, but here was an absolute dearth—nothing but a few illustrated post-cards. I asked many presumably intelligent leading persons, and they had nothing and could suggest nothing. I was half ready to abandon the quest; why should I take an interest when the people of the island cared nothing at all for their only title to fame? But at length I found a few books at the Municipal Library, and I was able to buy a reprint of the history of the island that Ninci wrote for the Emperor in 1814. Later, I found a few others at the bank of the leading citizen of many enterprises before referred to, an Elban tied up with financial embarrassments (only temporary, I trust), apparently arising from his too sanguine belief in the possibilities of the island. The Bagni Napoleone, one of the most charming of seabathing establishments, and the manufacture of a local champagne with the Napoleon brand, were among lesser projects carried out, and he is the owner of the country estate, of some three miles square, of Napoleon at San Martino, on which the vines for the champagne are grown.

But to return to Pons and the Palazzina Napoleonica, the house in town. Pons, by the way, in describing the preliminaries to the arrival in the island, gives some poignant details of the journey through reactionary Provence, the brutal assaults upon the safety of the Emperor, which I had never seen before. It was evident why he chose thereafter the mountain route, by Grasse, on his return, and avoided the hostile cities of the Rhone valley. The house is a two-story stone edifice, without an ornament of any kind, absolutely severe and astonishing in its plainness. A wide terrace in front of it is the cemented roof of a barracks or casemate below; it is unrelieved now by even a blade of grass to temper the vivid glare of the sun upon it, though an old woodcut, by Horace Vernet, in a history of 1839, shows it with a bit of garden. The main part of the house below serves as offices for military engineers, and upstairs it is occupied by two families. There remains no furniture or other vestige of its august period. The visitor passes through it to a garden at the back, a really pretty garden here. You see on one of the walks the hoof-print of one of Napoleon's horses stamped in the cement when it was still fresh. In his impatience he moved into the house before anything was complete. He was always his own architect and engineer, and an indefatigable worker. He wanted to have the land gate in the town walls (that had been built up) opened, so that he could drive through that way and avoid the idle sightseers below. It was not done quickly enough for him, so one fine morning he took half a dozen workmen with him and opened it himself.

I climbed down the steep path to the sea where he used to go for his bath. There is a half-grotto, with a cemented seat in it; a drapery hung on a cord in front makes a bathing house of this. It was a detail that whimsically came nearest of all to making me realize the traditional demigod as a human being. Napoleon the Great in a bathing suit, the corpulent body of a middle-aged Napoleon splashing in the waves! "Was he a swimmer?" I asked the gardener. "Oh, sure!" he answered; "he did everything else so well, he must have been, and a good one, too." At the west side of the house are some poor vestiges still of a small theatre he made. The Princess Pauline gave private theatricals there, but it had a ticket-office, too, and the general public could pay their way in. The Princess Pauline came over to cheer the tedium of her brother's exile, and was the presiding genius of the few gayeties of the place. This favorite sister was the only one of his family, except his mother, that was good to Napoleon. "If he had never had any brothers and sisters," claims Pons, "he would be still on the throne." An odd trait about the lovely Pauline is that she preferred to be an invalid rather than a beauty; she was forever asking sympathy for imaginary ailments. This is hard to believe of the woman of whom Canova made his modern Venus. The evenings here ended at ten o'clock. The Emperor would walk over and strum a scale on the piano as a signal that it was time to close, and he would often apologize cheerily to some one whose feelings he had hurt, as he was given to doing. When his mother was there, this mother of kings, who remained always somewhat of a provincial with her Corsican accent, he used to play cards with her for a small stake, and he would trick to win. They would dispute over it, and he would say to her banteringly, "But you have lots of money, and I have nothing. Of course I must win." Pons essayed to be his Boswell, and claimed that at Elba he could be better studied than in any other part of his career; and I should think he might be right.

Baedeker calls this house, situated between the two Medicean forts, the "Villa San Martino," and says nothing of any other. But the real Villa San Martino is three or four miles inland, and was Napoleon's principal residence. He also had minor sojourning-places at other points in the island, Porto Longone and Rio Marina, and wanted very much to build on the mountain above Marciana, but finally was content with a little hermitage and a tent there. He went everywhere; made and improved roads, and collected his revenue. Some of his people did not think they would have to pay any taxes, and he sent a flying column after them. We are amused at one of his excursions by sea: he was set ashore at the neighboring small island of Pianosa; a gale

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arose, and he could not be taken off, but had to pass the night there, poorly sheltered from wind and rain. He was very angry about it, but his chronicler says, "Il murmurait contre la marine au lieu de murmurer contre la bourrasque."

The road to San Martino runs for the first part of the way along the ugly manufacturing flats; then you turn into the hills among the vines. The country house is of the same character as the one in town; it was made over from a farm dwelling, is absolutely plain without, but is comfortable, with a stately touch, within, contains some little of the nice old furniture of the period, and is charming for the garden and woods round about, and the distant view of Porto Ferrajo. The captive could watch from his window the English frigate that did sentry duty. But this modest dwelling is almost hidden in front by a grand Neo-Grec palace of granite that Prince Demidoff put up in the fifties for a Napoleonic museum, while above is an ornate villa that he built for himself. Prince Demidoff finally carried off the collections, including most of the furniture, and sold them out at his famous San Donato sale, a world event about 1880. The property ran down, and came into the possession of Sig. Del Buono in 1896. Hay was then stored in the grand museum, to turn which to some account he put into it a collection of the fauna and minerals of the island; it is a good place to study the famous Elba iron. The flag adopted for the island by the Emperor is used as the trade mark of the San Martino champagne. I understand that all the estate is in the market again.

Wagons taking the mail run to several different points of the island, and bridle paths penetrate elsewhere. If you go back to the mainland at Piombino, a good way is to be driven to the pretty extreme northern village of Cavo and catch the boat there. A prohibition has gone out lately against visiting the iron mines, but it is not necessary to make a formal visit to them; they are quarries, not mines, and are all above ground. At Cape Pero alone you can see from the boat the whole process of exploitation: the red, friable-looking hill, the wire railway bringing down the ore, the bridge-truss cranes dumping it into the small sailing-craft for transportation. One comprehends how these ore boats became a principal means of Napoleon's escape; they had always served him as a natural means of communication with the Continent. The iron deposits of Elba caused the marvellous return of the Emperor—and Waterloo. Pons, his Director of the Mines, prepared a little fleet with munitions and supplies. They were just going round to Porto Ferrajo when the English frigate, with Col. Campbell, the resident Commissioner, cruising on board, hove in sight. Pons hastened to send off a boat to him with an invitation to a dinner to be given the next week. Col. Campbell inquired where the fleet of sail was bound. The question had been foreseen: "Just to load some ore for the Romagna," was the reply. Pons had had a pique against Campbell, and he rejoiced to think how well this neat trick paid off old scores. There is no romance like this story of Elba.

I found an American at the head of the blast furnaces, a graduate of the Cambria Iron Works. There are 600 hands. The enterprise must benefit the island, it is true; but it also takes away laborers from agriculture, and makes prices higher. It flames like a section of Erebus, and the smoke hangs low over the landscape. It is the great central fact, and was to me the finishing touch of a disillusionment. One is not so unreasonable as to find fault with industrial development, but all the coast of Italy from Genoa to Sicily smokes with factory chimneys; it has become a sort of Mechanicville. Add to this the trolley car, and the whizzing automobile making the air pestiferous behind it. A friend to whom I wrote of such things lately, replied humorously, "What you say of the prosperity of Italy breaks my heart."

And yet it is not such a joke, after all. We are going to stand it, of course; but a new era has come in. The Europe that has been such a paradise of picturesque romance for Americans ever since Bayard Taylor wrote his 'Views Afoot' scarcely any longer exists. We come in greater numbers than ever, because it is easier to come, but we must look with the eye of the imagination at what used to be here, rather than at what is here now. Old costumes, genial, warm color, quaintness—*via!* away with all that; it is not modern; and at the same time the squalid untidiness which those things rendered half-tolerable remains. There is especially a great lack of charm in all that relates to rural life. Even on Como and Maggiore now the mode is all to dun slate and granite grays, drabs, and browns. A respectable proprietor would be most ashamed of the pleasant old red and rose, azure, green, and yellow, or any sun-dial or pictured group on his outer wall.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

RECENT RESEARCH IN THE EAST JORDANLAND.

SWITZERLAND, September 4, 1904.

Considerable attention has of late years been given by archæologists to that region east of the Jordan termed by its Roman conquerors the Province of "Arabia," a region which, in its geographical, ethnological, and historical relations, forms a whole as definitely separated from Palestine as it is from Syria proper. During the last dozen years a score or so of travellers and scholars have added to our knowledge of this extremely interesting region, and the results of their researches have appeared either in independent volumes or in the Transactions of archæological societies, American, English, and Continental. For the most thorough exploration of this East Jordan land, however, we are indebted to Dr. Rudolph Brünnow and Professor von Domaszewski of Heidelberg. The results of the joint researches of these two scholars will be found in their splendid three-volumed work, 'Die Provincia Arabia,' the first volume of which, a bulky quarto, illustrated with over six hundred maps, plans, photographs, and drawings, has just been published by Dr. Karl Trübner at Strassburg.

The explorations in question were commenced in the spring of 1897, and resumed in the following year, both expeditions having Jerusalem as their starting-point. In the first journey their route lay along the west coast of the Dead Sea, then up the east side to Kerak, and thence to Petra; in the second the travellers struck directly across from Jerusalem to Madeba, thence south to Petra again, whence they journeyed northward to the Hauran. The results of both these journeys are combined in the account given of Ruins and Inscriptions in 'Die Provincia Arabia.' This work forms, indeed, an exhaustive *corpus* of these inscriptions, to which have been added copious extracts from the accounts of previous and subsequent travellers in the same region, the work being thus brought thoroughly up to date. Scholars will consequently be in future saved the trouble of collecting for themselves what is, in these volumes, once for all collected on the subject.

The first volume deals chiefly with Petra, an important section being contributed by Professor von Domaszewski on the historical development of its tomb-architecture, illustrated by photographs presenting an extraordinary variety of related forms. And the same learned Heidelberg professor of ancient history contributes to all three volumes accurate plans and descriptions of the Roman fortified camps along, or in the neighborhood of, the still serviceable Roman roads of the district east of the Jordan, which was all that the Cæsars ruled as the Province of "Arabia." To Professor Euting, chief librarian of the Strassburg Library, who joined the expedition in the spring of 1898, was assigned the task of copying the numerous Nabathean inscriptions found at Petra and included in this first volume.

Of the second volume, which Dr. Brünnow hopes to have ready in the autumn, Mashita—first discovered, though not described, by Sir Henry Layard, and rediscovered and first described by Canon Tristram—is one of the chief subjects. Not, however, *in situ*, as when photographed by Dr. Brünnow, is the splendid frieze of its ancient palace to which the Persian features of its style give a special historical interest, for the greater part of this frieze has now been removed to the Berlin Museum—an Imperial gift to the Emperor William by the Sultan Abdul Hamid. But this removal was, perhaps, not unjustified, seeing that these specimens of Byzantine art were in danger of very unceremonious treatment at the hands of the Turks employed on the new railway line to Mecca, which passes close to Mashita.

Questions touching the more ancient kingdoms and inhabitants of these regions are here hardly more than referred to. Dr. Brünnow and his coadjutors deal more especially with the centuries immediately preceding and succeeding A. D. 105, at which date the Empire of Edom, with its Nabathean capital, the "Rock" or "Rocks" [ἡ πέτρα, later αἱ πέτραι], was annexed by Trajan. But though the still buried records of remoter times are left to be unearthed by future explorers, sufficient material exists, I venture to think, in the facts collected in these two volumes with such scrupulous care and scientific exactitude to justify at least hypotheses with reference to the reciprocal action in these regions of Eastern and Western art forms, and especially, perhaps, with reference to the earlier sources of Arabian literary culture. For the architectural forms and sculptured ornaments of the rock-hewn tombs testify unmistakably to original Assyrian, or, perhaps more correctly, Babylonian, and later

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blendings of Greek and Roman influences; the more recent tombs appearing, from their inscriptions, to have been the last resting-places of Greek merchants and Roman military officers. It is also noteworthy that the great size of the theatres, not only at Petra, but elsewhere in the province, seems to indicate the presence of large audiences, many of whom may have been Arabs. As the language of culture in this Eastern province, even before the severance of the Eastern and Western empires, was Greek rather than Latin, the plays acted were probably for the most part Greek, such, for instance, as the comedies of Menander. It is for Greek and Arabic scholars to consider whether a much earlier source of Aryan and especially Greek influence on Arabic culture is not to be found in the conditions prevailing in the Roman province of Arabia.

But not only by the scholar and the traveller will these explorations be found to be, in their results, of great importance. The very possibility of their achievement with perfect security is of interest to the politician also, in view of certain European ambitions in Asiatic Turkey. For, during the five years previous to the present writer's journey in the East-Jordan land, Idumæa had been so unsettled by the wars of Arab tribes for the possession of Petra and the pastures of Mount Seir that no travellers had even attempted to reach that wonderful city of rock-hewn monuments. The last party that had succeeded in reaching Petra had lost two of their number in conflict with the tribesmen, and a previous party had had six of their escort killed in a fight over the backsheesh plunder. In our own case, the Turawah escort we had secured declined to accompany us beyond the palm grove at the head of the Gulf of Akaba, where a whole week was wasted in negotiations—again and again broken off—before pecuniary arrangements were settled to the satisfaction of the Alawin chiefs, whose gracious protection was necessary to our safety. At length we moved forward on our journey, mustering a hundred armed men, with sixty or seventy camels and dromedaries, all marshalled in warlike array with scouts on the flanks, and the great sheikhs galloping to the rear of the van, keeping all in due order.

But our troubles were by no means yet at an end; for, on the very first night of our march from Akaba to Petra, a further demand of one thousand piastres (about $40) was made, failing the payment of which we were threatened with being left to shift for ourselves in the desert, without either animals or provisions. Yet a third time, when at the entrance of the pass by Mount Hor to Petra, we were informed that we could go no further; and a whole long day was spent in councils, dispatching of messengers, arrivals of sheikhs, further councils, threats, promises, and refusals—a whole course of diplomacy in which the would-be tricksters were ultimately foiled. And even when we had so far succeeded as to be at last actually encamped amid the ruins of Petra, hardly a day passed without its dangers from the quarrels of the Arabs with the only half-subdued Horites.

Very different were the experiences of our explorers in their journeys of 1897 and 1898. Although Dr. Brünnow was accompanied by his wife, their only escort was two, or at most three, Turkish troopers, Circassians who were entirely under their orders. And the Arab tribes, formerly the absolute lords of this Eastern borderland, seemed completely cowed by the Turkish garrisons now stationed along the old Roman roads of the province. It has long been the conviction of the ablest Turkish statesmen and generals that their Empire in Europe is doomed, and that, though they are resolved not to be turned out of it without the bloodiest reprisals, their only hope lies in consolidating their Empire in Asia. A like conviction seems to dictate the policy of Abdul Hamid, who, following in the footsteps of his great ancestor, Mahmud II., has succeeded in destroying the last vestiges of the feudal power of local beys and tribal chiefs. And as a further illustration of the comparative order which now reigns in this once wild and lawless country, a railway, entirely in the hands of the Sultan, is being constructed, from Damascus to Mecca. Abdul Hamid is also planting colonies of Moslems, many of them from European Turkey, along the line of the projected railway to Bagdad, and is even credited with the design of settling a colony of non-Arab Moslems in Petra itself. And when the Ottoman people are once freed from the intolerable strain on their resources involved in the struggle to retain as long as possible their admittedly doomed occupation of southeastern Europe, they will again constitute, from at all events the Caucasus to the Indian Ocean, a Power by no means easily amenable to European ambitions.

It may be interesting to add, in conclusion, a few words with reference to Dr. Rudolph Brünnow's connection with America, he having been born at Ann Arbor, Mich., in 1858. His father, Franz Friedrich Ernst Brünnow, a native of Berlin and an astronomer of note, held the post of director of the Observatory of Michigan from 1855 to 1863, and married in 1857 the daughter of Dr. Henry P. Tappan, the president of that university. Mrs. Rudolph Brünnow, who, as above mentioned, accompanied her husband on both journeys, is an American by birth and parentage. On various occasions she found it desirable to travel in Oriental male attire as his younger brother; not for safety, but in order to avoid the tedious visits of inquisitive Arabian ladies. And it is to her, their *tapferen Reisegefährten*, that her fellow travellers have dedicated these splendid volumes. J. S. S.-G.

Correspondence.

THE TURIN NATIONAL LIBRARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Several American students, desirous of offering books to the Biblioteca Nazionale of Turin, which met such heavy losses last winter by fire, have asked me to give them the address of a bookseller in New York, authorized to receive and forward to Italy gifts of books destined to help in making good to this library a part of its losses. Deeply grateful to the persons and institutions in America which have already honored us with their gifts, I am pleased to be able to inform others who may be similarly inclined, that the firm of Brentano's, Union Square, New York, has been authorized to receive and forward works destined for the Turin National Library.

I have been led to accede to this request and to name this forwarding office, not only by the fact that every small gift aids in the difficult work of reconstructing the sections destroyed, but also by the desire of seeing represented in this library as fully as possible the rich literature of America. It is well known that Italy, by its system of loans between its national libraries, possesses the most liberal bibliographical legislation in the world. Books presented to the Turin Library will therefore be available to American and Italian students in Rome, Venice, Naples, or in any of the other large cities of Italy, through the national libraries of the respective cities.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to ask you to publish this letter in your columns, and to thank you in advance for your much appreciated courtesy.—Truly yours,

F. Carta,
Chief Librarian of the National Library of Turin.

September 14, 1904.

Notes.

Mr. William Garrott Brown requests us to solicit on his behalf the loan of any material, particularly in manuscript, relating to the life of Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, the Chief Justice of the United States. Mr. Brown's address is the Colonial Club, Cambridge, Mass.

'The Republican Party' is the title of a party history by Francis Curtis, in two volumes, extending from 1854 to 1904 (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It embraces a record of Republican "measures and leaders," and has a "foreword" of two pages by Mr. Roosevelt, an author's preface, and introductions by W. P. Frye and J. G. Cannon. As a record, it will be found of use by campaign orators and writers of campaign editorials; as a history, it is rather hard reading. The author gives a fair account of it in his preface: it is not a history of American politics, but of the rise and dominance of a single party; consequently, the record of the Democratic party has not been drawn upon "except in so far as Democratic deeds and misdeeds have made necessary Republican action." The work is mainly a compilation from a variety of sources, files of newspapers, books, cyclopædias, proceedings of conventions, tables of electoral and popular votes, State papers, platforms, etc. It is scarcely necessary to say that Independents and Independent movements are handled without gloves by the author; Mugwumps are described as persons who, having made a notorious mistake in leaving their party, have not the courage, or possibly the sense, to come back. Readers unfamiliar with the facts may wonder why any space at all is wasted on such miserable vermin. But this is only a rhetorical error, and one not at all likely to impair the value of the volumes for the purposes for which they are designed.

Volume II. of the Second Series of New Jersey Archives is occupied with extracts from American newspapers for 1778, edited by Francis B. Lee. It is replete with curious matter relating both to the military

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operations of that period of the Revolution and to the manners and customs of the day, indifferently supplied with a key in the index. Thus, the directions on page 411 for making "melasses" out of Indian corn (filling nearly two pages) lurk under "Receipts" (three items not particularized). They were taken, by the way, from the *Burlington Almanack*, and the correspondent, "Dulcis," betrays his Quaker origin not more by the use of "thy" than by the scruple implied in his hoping cornstalk sugar may "perhaps save the importation of so much made by the *iron hand of slavery*" —this at a time when slavery was still flourishing in New Jersey. We confess we have not fathomed the principle on which the source of each extract in this scrapbook is indicated. The index is especially valuable for its proper names. Many of those borne by Tories "are not to be found in the usual works of reference."

To the already very considerable number of handbooks to the Roman Forum another has been added by Professor Hülsen, the second secretary of the German Archæological Institute at Rome, 'Das Forum Romanum: seine Geschichte und seine Denkmäler' (Rome: Loescher; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The author is the one man best fitted to speak with well-balanced wisdom and authority on all matters of Roman topography, and it has been a source of regret to his many students, among whom not a few Americans have been permitted by his kindness to number themselves, that his numerous contributions to the critical literature of his subject have left him no time to publish comprehensive and systematic treatises. The present attractive volume of 219 pages, with 112 plans and illustrations, many of them practically inaccessible elsewhere to the ordinary student, will be most gratefully received. It is a sufficient and eminently practical guide for use in the study, or among the ruins themselves, and its historical notes and appendix of sources and recent literature make it highly useful for the serious student. We hope it may be made more generally available for the travelling public by translation into English.

Heckerism or "Americanism" is supposed to have received its quietus at the hands of Leo XIII., but it furnishes forth a great octavo of 500 pages, 'L'Américanisme,' by Albert Houtin (Paris: E. Nourry), which has gained the distinction of being clapped in the Index, like the author's previous contentious works. A very unfavorable, almost opprobrious, review in *Polybiblion* for August allows the book the sole merit of "a complete bibliography of works and articles" relating to its subject. M. Houtin also reveals, by drawing upon it, a private collection "hitherto unknown in France."

A 'Bibliografia Generale per la Storia Parmense' has been compiled by Stefano Lottici and Giuseppe Sitti, and embraces 6,165 items duly classified, with a subject-and-author index.

The difficulties and hardships encountered in the construction of the nearly 2,000 miles of telegraph in Alaska are well described in the *National Geographic Magazine* for September, by Capt. William Mitchell of the United States Signal Corps, who draws largely from his personal experiences. The preliminary work of reconnoissance, transportation of supplies, and forming caches was done in the winter, as an animal could pull on a sled from 800 to 2,000 pounds, but pack only 200. The wire, also, was run over the snow and elevated on poles in the summer. The chief hardships were due to the cold (the thermometer falling to 70 degrees below zero), and to the mosquitoes, which were so intolerable that it was difficult to make the animals feed. An account of an expedition in southwestern Mexico, by E. W. Nelson, is especially noteworthy for its excellent illustrations. The coast belt is largely peopled by blacks, the majority of whom are of mixed blood, but there are apparently many full-blooded negroes. They have crowded out the original inhabitants, and have retained in many of the villages the characteristic African round hut, with conical thatched roof. An interesting summary is given of the twenty-five years' work done by the United States Geological Survey, including the mapping of 929,850 square miles, or 31 per cent. of the area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska.

The fifty-second annual report of the Boston Public Library says that "the consumption of soft coal, necessary while the coal strike continued, was abandoned April 1 [1903]." It defaced the noble building externally, and required extra cleaning within. The city itself increasingly uses soft coal, to the detriment of the valuable collections in the Library. The current fiction market has been screened, as usual, by an outside volunteer committee, with the result that 135 titles out of 680 examined were accepted, and much of this small remainder was juvenile fiction. Among the acquisitions during the past year was a marble portrait bust of the late Lucy Stone, by Anne Whitney, appropriately placed opposite the alcove occupied by Mr. T. W. Higginson's Galatea collection of women's works. We remark also forty-five photographs of persons connected with the Dreyfus trial. Among the donors is the late Pope Leo XIII., who gave the eleventh volume of the works of Thomas Aquinas. The experiment of allowing books to be kept for three months for summer reading does not seem to have been very successful, as only 364 volumes were taken out.

From an historical sketch of the National Union Bank of Boston, recently published, it appears that it was opened for business in 1792 on the very spot where it now stands. Although its organization was bitterly opposed, bets being offered of two to one "that the Union Bank never issues a bill," it was a success from the very beginning. "Dividends have been declared semi-annually without a break, averaging for the 112 years over 6 per cent. per annum, and amounting to $6,836,000—a remarkable record, in view of the several wars and panics that have occurred during the more than a century of its existence, and one not equalled, it is believed, by any other institution in the country." There are two striking illustrations of State Street—as it was a hundred years ago, showing the New York stage just leaving Israel Hatch's coffee-house across Exchange Lane from the bank, and as it is at the present time.

The commercial schools are the latest and most popular development of industrial education in Germany. Before 1880, as we read in the Consular Reports for September 6, they were almost unknown, and, until the close of the century, Government financial aid was refused. Their success has been so great, however, that now every Government of the Empire contributes annually to their support. They are divided into two general classes, the schools and the four Handelshochschulen, or universities. The main motive for the establishment of these latter was of course the need for broader and deeper expert knowledge in the business world, commercial operations having expanded "until they have become world operations demanding world knowledge." But another motive was almost equally strong, the elevation of the social standing of the mercantile classes through the leaven of a higher education. This is being accomplished, and the graduates of these institutions can claim the same social rank as the alumni of the universities. The instruction is eminently practical. In Cologne, for instance, "a judge and several active lawyers give lectures on the legal subjects embraced in the curriculum; a railroad official lectures on transportation; an industrial inspector lectures in his particular field; an old member of the largest banking house of Cologne lectures on money and banking; a Government official in the insurance service lectures on insurance, and a customs official lectures on tariff technicalities." The total attendance during the winter semester of 1902-1903 at Leipzig was 519, of whom 110 were Russians.

The persistent efforts of the German university authorities, at least those of Prussia, to reduce the women contingent at these institutions is evidently succeeding. In the past winter semester there were 54 regularly matriculated women students in all the 21 universities, and 1,423 who were only "Hörerinnen." During the present summer semester, according to official reports in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, there are 73 women matriculated, but only 958 non-matriculated. In Berlin alone the decrease has been from 562 to 369. The slight increase in the number of the matriculated is to be attributed to the fact that now not only the two Baden, but also one Würtemberg and the three Bavarian universities admit women on exactly the same footing with men.

The financial considerations involved in the calling of prominent men from one of the German universities to another are rarely made known. It is, however, reported semi-officially from Vienna that Prof. A. von Eiselsberg of that university, called to succeed the famous surgeon König in Berlin, was offered a salary of 32,000 marks and guaranteed 25,000 marks in lecture fees. For family reasons, however, he declined this brilliant offer.

A remarkable document has been sent by the Executive Committee of the National Medical Association to the 482 gymnasia and 131 Realschulen of the Empire, with an urgent request for distribution among the graduates. It is an official appeal *not* to enter upon the study of medicine. The chief reason is the deplorable financial condition of an exceedingly large percentage of physicians. The determining facts adduced are (1) a surplus of medical men much beyond the demand; (2) the abrogation of the laws against practice by the incompetent; (3) legislation for the *Krankenkasse*. The increase in the number of

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physicians has been enormous, from 17,728 in 1876 to 24,225 in 1887 and 29,133 in 1902. The number has more than doubled in a single generation, and the prospects are that the "learned proletariat" in this department will grow still more in the next year, since women and the graduates of the semi-classical Realgymnasia are now admitted to the profession. A further reason for avoiding this study as given by the circular letter is the fact that the addition of a "practical" year to the course has made the expenses of preparation, already very costly, still more so.

The fifteenth International Medical Congress will convene in the last week in April, 1906, in Lisbon. The preliminary programme arranges for fifteen sections. The official language of the convention will be the French, but German and English will also be permitted in both the general meetings and in the sections.

A monument costing 80,000 marks, in memory of Theodor Mommsen, is to be erected in front of the University of Berlin. Half this sum is secured, and appeal is made for further funds by the German Committee. Contributions may be sent to Delbrück, Leo & Co., Berlin, W., Mauerstrasse 61. Any surplus will be turned over to the Mommsen Fund established years ago. The chairman of the Monument Committee is Dr. Althoff of the Prussian Cultus Ministry.

—Admirers of Nick Bottom the Weaver—which of us is not?—will be pleased to learn that the many-gifted mechanic has a fairly classic pedigree. True, like most *bourgeois* pedigrees, his is not without its lacunæ and bars sinister. Still, our sympathies are quite with Hermann Reich in his essay, "Der Mann mit dem Eselskopf," of which he has favored us with a reprint from the *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, xxiv. The author of the already monumental "Mimus," starting from a clay relief of the first century, on which is depicted a mime with an ass's head, argues that there must have been an *Esel-mimus* known to Apuleius and other classical writers and reappearing from time to time in the Middle Ages. The resemblance between Bottom-Titania and the love scene in Apuleius (x, ch. xx.) is striking. Not less striking is it that the dry 'Polychronicon' of Ranulph Higden should speak of a "mynstrelle turned into the similitude of a ryalle asse." Reich's conjecture is that Shakspere must have taken the hint for his Bottom-Titania from some floating reminiscence of this ancient *Esel-mimus*. The conjecture is so plausible, so thoroughly in accord with the lines worked out by Reich in his larger work, that we hope our early dramatic and other literary remains may be explored anew with an eye to further discoveries. It were a pity, if Reich's hint were to fall unheeded. For ourselves, we are moved to ejaculate with Peter Quince, "Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art *translated*."

—Mr. Herman Smith's 'The World's Earliest Music' (London: Reeves; New York: Scribners) is a book which we find it impossible to take seriously. There are, indeed, some interesting passages in its 382 pages, some curious descriptions of ancient and modern intruments, and some original, though very shaky, theories as to the origin of musical scales. These are, however, so deeply buried under avalanches of stale and mostly irrelevant archæology, cheap sentimentalism, moral reflections *à la* Volney on the instability of sublunary things, and miscellaneous remarks on every conceivable topic, that it must be a patient and courageous reader who will persist in seeking them in a book as void of all method as it is unscientific and unscholarly. The wide range of this irrelevant matter will appear from a passing glance at the index, where the reader will find references to the migrations of the Chinese, the Akkadean (*sic*) language, Alexander the Great, ancestor worship, the founding of Athens, Turano-Sythic (*sic*) speech, Beethoven, Berosus, Buddha, and Confucius, Chorebus (*sic*), Danaus, the fountain of Dirce, Garibaldi's welcome, Goethe, Hippocrene water, costume of the Greeks, the glow on Hymettus, the Indus and Ganges, Judas Iscariot, Keats on Beauty, Magalasy braiding, empire of Medea (meaning Media), Napolean (*sic*), Mt. Olympus, Parnassus, Phideas (*sic*) the sculptor, Sarasate, Schiller, the Sumerian race, Tarentum in Sicily (!), the Trojan war, Chinese weights and measures. The majority of these things are nowise brought into relation with the subject of the work. We have preserved these inaccuracies and errors (which are not due to any indexmaker, but are simply repeated from the text of the book itself) in order to show the author's surprising want of attention to such details. Other errors ("Herculanaeum" for Herculaneum, etc., etc.) occur in the text, but are not indexed.

—The critical edition of Catullus by Prof. Robinson Ellis reached its second edition somewhat more than a quarter of a century ago, and, with the exhaustive commentary contained in an accompanying volume, established the editor in the front rank of Latin scholars and at the very head of Catullians. He has now issued in the "Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis" (H. Frowde) a revised text of the same author, with *apparatus criticus*, paying due attention to all work that has been done on Catullus since the seventies. Mr. Ellis's general views on the constitution of the text appear to have remained substantially unchanged since his first edition was printed, and the conservatism which leads him now to obelize so many passages in the poems instead of inserting conjectural emendations deserves warm approbation. The new edition would have been more interesting if he had included in it his complete collation of cod. Ottob. 1829, which was unearthed in the Vatican library by Prof. William Gardner Hale as long ago as 1896. Mr. Ellis prints, with Mr. Hale's permission, some of the important readings of this "codex Romanus," but refrains from giving it completely in his critical apparatus out of courtesy to its original discoverer, who has not yet published it. There is not the slightest danger that Mr. Hale will lose any of the honor due his fortunate discovery; but it is a delicate and interesting question of ethics for just how many years an important manuscript in a public library should be treated as the private property of any one person, not even to be described, still less to be criticised, by others. Mr. Ellis has certainly kept on the safe side of the question, though his patience and generosity are to the detriment of his book, and to the loss of those who use it.

OSGOOD'S AMERICAN COLONIES.

The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century. By Herbert L. Osgood. Macmillan. 1904. Vols. I., II. Pp. xxxii., 578; xix., 490.

Professor Osgood's long-awaited work, of which the two volumes before us are the first instalment, promises to make a large and definitive contribution to American institutional history in the colonial period. Of general histories of the period and constitutional histories of the United States there are good examples; but only in monographs and similar works has the institutional history of the colonies been essayed. The time has certainly come when, to quote Professor Osgood's words, "we must know in some connected way how the Atlantic, so to speak, was institutionally bridged; in other words, we must know under what forms English institutions were reproduced on the American continent, and how, if at all, they were modified by the influence of kindred European peoples who settled near or among the English colonists." Moreover, writers on American colonial history have fixed their attention mainly on the colonies themselves, with their internal or local incidents, while neglecting the equally important field of British colonial policy and administration. In an age which has given extraordinary attention to American history, it is in every way remarkable that "no systematic attempt has been made to ascertain what the constitutional law and practice of the old British colonial empire was, or to set it forth in its historical development"; and that "in no book can a satisfactory description be found of the organs of the British Government which were employed in colonial administration, or of the functions which they performed."

It is this great lack which Professor Osgood aims to supply. His point of view is "the colonies as they were in themselves and in their relation to the sovereign power from which their existence sprang." The student of colonial institutions

"is concerned with only those two subjects; they are all-inclusive. Under the one or the other will fall every other minor topic which he will find it necessary to discuss. He will classify the colonies not according to their location or to their social characteristics, but according to the forms of government which existed within them. This he will find to be determined by the form of their executives, and by the constitutional relations which existed between the executives and the legislatures, as the legislature developed in each colony. The main divisions of his subject will be suggested by the relations in which the colonies stood to the home government. The tendencies of historical development during the period he will find in the changes which came about in those relations and also in the internal organization of the colonies themselves. From this point of view the unfolding relations between sovereignty and liberty will be duly illustrated" (I., pp. xxvii., xxviii.).

From this standpoint the American colonies fall naturally into the two groups of chartered colonies, including the New England corporate colonies and the proprietary provinces, and royal provinces; and the institutional history of the period is concerned with these two phases or periods of political life and the transition from the one to the other. As Professor Osgood says, the term "chartered" points only to the method of origin of a colony, and signifies nothing as to its internal organiza-

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tion. The merging of proprietary provinces in royal provinces during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the substitution of royal provinces, was "the most important and significant transition in American history previous to the colonial revolt," and, it may be added, the one to which historians of the Revolution have paid, in general, the scantiest attention. No writer has yet undertaken to show, in the thorough way which Professor Osgood proposes, the natural impediment offered by highly developed self-government in the colonies to the establishment of a comprehensive scheme of colonial administration, or the reasons which led the British Government to urge, and the American leaders to resist, the new plans of colonial control.

The two volumes now published treat of the beginnings of self-government in the chartered colonies in the seventeenth century, so far only as the internal organization and relations of the colonies themselves are concerned. The study begins with the earliest form of the proprietary province as found in Raleigh's Roanoke project, Virginia prior to 1624, and the early settlements in New England. The corporate colonies of New England are then taken up, and a comparative study made of their political institutions and public policy; successive chapters treating of the organization and work of the legislatures, executives, and courts, the ecclesiastical system, land and financial systems, defence and Indian relations, and the history of the New England Confederation. The second volume applies the same comparative method to the institutions of New Netherland, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the Carolinas. The remaining events of the century, such as the dissolution of the London Company and the establishment of Virginia as a royal province, colonial administration under the Commonwealth, the acts of trade, and the Andros régime, are reserved for a third volume.

In a work which, like this, makes many contributions in detail to previous knowledge and opinion, attention can be called to but a few of the more important points in regard to which the material is notably new or the author's treatment particularly suggestive. The early colonization schemes of Gilbert and Raleigh, which prepared the way for the more successful, if more arduous, establishment of Virginia, are deemed worthy of a chapter, thereby restoring them to their proper place in the history of colonization. Similarly, the experiment at Sagadahoc is treated along with the settlement at Jamestown. The three chapters on Virginia, in which the progress of the colony under its three charters, and the gradual development of a clear governmental type from rudimentary or mixed beginnings, are traced down to 1624, naturally owe much to the patient researches of Alexander Brown; but what Brown presents mainly as annals or crude material, Professor Osgood embodies, with additions of his own, in orderly narration. We recall no writer who has so thoroughly examined the institutional beginnings of Virginia under the charters, or pointed out so clearly the significance of the administrative transitions which marked the early years of the colony.

About three-fourths of the first volume is devoted to the corporate colonies of New England, naturally with chief attention to Massachusetts. Here as elsewhere the patient following, step by step, of the course of events brings out as no other method could the development of governmental and administrative forms in the attainment of self-government. The account of the organization and procedure of the General Courts, for example, by bringing together much scattered material, throws new light on an obscure subject. The extended discussion of the relations between church and commonwealth in Massachusetts, and of the workings of the Massachusetts system as seen in the controversies with Roger Williams and the Antinomians, while kept well within the limits of an institutional study, is, we venture to think, superior in balance and proportion, and in the sure appraisement of the political significance of events, to any previous account, and would of itself entitle the author to high rank as a diligent, judicial, and sympathetic historian. Perhaps nowhere in the world, in the seventeenth century, was there a more complete dominance of combined secular and ecclesiastical authority over the individual than in Massachusetts between 1640 and 1700. Orthodoxy, for the maintenance of which this iron-clad control was established, became a name with which Puritan New England from its earliest years learned to conjure.

"By the attitude which they assumed toward the so-called Antinomian opinions, the magistrates and clergy of Massachusetts definitely committed themselves to a close alliance for the purpose of upholding a system of strict orthodoxy. Tendencies which were operative when the religious test was enacted and when Roger Williams was banished, now came fully to prevail. Pressure was brought to bear from the churches united in a synod, from the clergy and magistrates in frequent conference, and from the General Court as the highest expression of power in the colony, to keep local congregations and individuals alike in harmony with the doctrines and practices of the majority. From this union and resolve proceeded the body of legislation on ecclesiastical and moral subjects which has already been outlined. All parties must expressly or tacitly accept this, must yield it at least outward obedience, or leave the colony. Protest, whether by speech or action, was rigorously suppressed, and the secular power was resorted to for the purpose without hesitation. The life and thought of this colony and of other colonies, so far as its influence could be made to control them, was cast in one narrow Puritan mould, and was not allowed to escape from it. So little was there of enlightenment in New England outside the circle of ideas which the clergy imparted or controlled, that it was possible to maintain strict conformity for sixty years, and a type of thought which was essentially Puritan for nearly one hundred and fifty years longer. This, with the rigorous administration and political system which accompanied it, was the result of the appearance of the first learned class within the American colonies, and of its alliance with the secular authorities. But, though we consider Puritan New England to have been narrow and intolerant, we should remember that the intellectual activity which made even that possible did not exist in the other colonies till the middle of the eighteenth century" (I., pp. 254, 255).

The closing sentence of the paragraph just quoted is interesting as pointing to the greater intellectual virility of the homogeneous New England Puritans than of the mixed populations of the other colonies, and the partial compensation for intellectual repression in the long-practised capacity of Massachusetts for aggressive political leadership.

The last four chapters of Professor Osgood's first volume, dealing, respectively, with the land system, the financial system, the system of defence, and Indian relations in early New England, are packed with matter which to most readers will be new. Outside of the writers of a few special works, no historian has thought it worth while to tell us much about the way in which the private ownership of land was established and developed in New England, how taxes were levied and collected, the objects of colonial and local expenditure, the legal regulation of industry and trade, the organization, equipment, and employment of the military forces of the colonies, or the method of governmental dealings with the Indians. Thanks to Professor Osgood's researches, however, we have at last a clear and orderly outline of the governmental and administrative life of the people in these respects. As an illustration of the new light thrown upon hitherto obscure places, reference may be made to pages 461-467, where the status and functions of the boards of commoners or proprietors of land, as distinct from those of the town or any aggregation of individual landholders, are examined. Equally informing, and to most students equally unfamiliar, is the account of the origin of private land titles and the gradual disappearance of common lands.

The second volume is devoted to the Middle and Southern colonies, where the proprietary province in its later form appears. The method and general handling are the same as in the volume on New England, and what has been said regarding the painstaking care, the wealth of material, and the definitive value of the presentation applies to this part of the work as much as to the other. We note a special chapter on the colonial judiciary. The ecclesiastical element, naturally, is far less prominent than in New England, for while nearly all the numerous dissenting sects in the Middle colonies believed in maintaining a connection between church and state, their number and variety effectually prevented that predominance of some one group which alone could make such connection possible. The system of defence, also, while in many respects similar to that of New England, was as a whole less highly developed, while the nearness of the frontier to the populous areas, together with the slight volume of personal or commercial intercourse between the colonies, tended to make public opinion in each colony regarding defence narrow and sectional. The militant Puritan of the north had no counterpart in the colonies to the south. At the same time it is to be remembered that the section suffered no such Indian war as that of Philip in New England, and had in consequence no such incentive to joint action.

Professor Osgood's work differs from all other comprehensive studies of American colonial history in its consistent interpretation of that history from the point of view and in the terms of public law. This has not involved any neglect of social and economic material, or of the personal element which lends to our colonial annals so much of charm; but such material has been used as illustrating political growth, rather than for its own sake. The style is readable and effective, and the wealth of incident is great, but there are no entertaining accounts of domestic manners and customs, or vivid narratives of adventure or battle.

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The authorities cited are mainly the original documentary sources, both manuscript and printed. The element of controversy, so dear to workers in new fields, is conspicuous by its absence. At two or three points Professor Osgood registers his dissent from the opinions of other writers, but the opposition is not pressed, and facts are left to speak for themselves. Altogether, the book must be adjudged the most substantial and masterful contribution made to the study of American colonial history in recent years.

ARABIA AND MOROCCO.

The Seven Golden Odes of Pagan Arabia, known also as the Mallakat. Translated from the original Arabic by Lady Anne Blunt. Done into English verse by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. London: The Chiswick Press. 1903. Pp. xxii, 68.

The Shaikhs of Morocco in the XVIth Century. By T. H. Weir, B.D. Edinburgh: George A. Morton. 1904. Pp. xlviii, 316.

An unhappy life, for the most part, is that of the translator of poetry. The blanks are to the prizes as a thousand to one, and with each attempt he carries, in the German phrase, his own skin to market, and hears the people say that it is a very poor skin indeed. Yet none is ever deterred by the grinning trophies, and the Horaces, Homers, Virgils, and Dantes are ground out in perpetually renewed effort at the impossible problem. Where FitzGerald created and Butcher and Lang rendered, may they not, too, have their day? And so the unending quest goes on, an æsthetic exercise far away from practical issues or thought of use, a pursuit of an ideal equivalent which will be and yet not be the original itself.

Thus the case stands, broadly, with the great classics. Translators of these have an eye to the readers of the originals, and seek first and last their approval. They render to please themselves, and to show that they can render; sometimes their labors fall to the luck and delight of the reading public. But there is another translating with a very different object and value. Some languages and literatures can never be learned or reached by any but a few, and yet they contain treasures of human experience and emotion. If our knowledge is not to be narrowed to a few threads of the varied skein of life, we must use, trust, and enjoy the interpretations of out-of-the-way learning. The man of strange tongues and uncanny reading comes here to his own, and if he but add a knack of expression in his native language, of suggestion and melody and colored vocabulary, he is sure of welcome when he brings back his bales of foreign stuffs from untrodden lands. Still greater is his prize when he has already approved himself a poet in his own tongue. Along with some strange failures, some of the greatest successes have been reached by poets thus interpreting unknown poetry and alien life. Here there is no question of the hundredth translation of a classic to show the skill of the translator. We have a veritable addition to the bonds which draw races together and make the whole world kin.

Mr. Blunt won his poetical spurs long ago with his 'Love-Sonnets of Proteus.' The path from these, with their grip on the real, their ring of a high personality, their clanging, flashing imagery, is very straight to sympathy with the old poems of Arabia in their immediate touch with life—the narrowed, fiercely individual, grim, yet passionate and luxurious life of the desert—in their unerring interpretation of its moods and conditions and their wealth of imagination mediating their ideas. Such poetry was a good beginning for a future translator of the Mu'allaqat, the great Seven Songs of the Desert, gathered by the earliest Muslim editors from the mass of pagan poetry and ever since held sacred. And, later, his training for the task went further. He became one of that small number of Europeans to whom the ways of the desert and innermost Najd itself have been opened. Its unchanging life, the same now in all essentials and almost all details as it was fourteen centuries ago, was lived by him. In the very atmosphere of these poems he has moved; their pictures and imagery, their social ways and ideas have been his own. It is as though somewhere in strange waters a Greek colony from the Homeric age still survived, and one or two had reached its shores and walked in its ancient ways. So, if we have not here a clear creation and a great English poem such as FitzGerald's 'Omar,' we have in this first complete verse translation of the Mu'allaqat, a rendering singularly satisfying and full of the tone, the swing, and the vitality of the original. A literal translation it is not. No one could pack into the same compass of English lines the pregnant hints and clues—vistas of thought—which lie half hidden in the Arabic. The lack of rhyme, too, limits the music, and the effort at the same metres, while it gives vraisemblance and leads us afield, hinders from the smoothness which carries the Arabic lines rippling or rolling along. And the same disdain of the details of exact structure which Mr. Blunt showed in his sonnets, has here handicapped him in reproducing lines whose perfection of finish is absolute. But, for all that, his verses for the great multitude will be the first suggestion of the real poetry of Arabia, so different in its virility and energy from the hot-house languors and sensuousnesses which commonly stand for the Orient. Here, the life is all in the open with wind and rain, sun and storm. Thus, for example, Imr al-Qays, the disinherited, wandering king, sings the kinships of the desert in its hunger and toils:

"Water-skins of some folk—ay, with the thong of them laid on my nâga's wither—borne have I joyfully,
Crossed how lone, the rain-ways, bare as an ass-belly; near me the wolf, starved gamester, howled to his progeny.
Cried I: Wolf, thou wailest. Surely these lives of ours, thine and my own, go empty, robbed of prosperity.
All we won we leave here. Whoso shall follow us, seed in our corn-track casting, reap shall he barrenness."

And thus Antara, the knight of a thousand tales, sings the joy of the spring rains and the renewed verdure:

"Sweet as the vials of odors sold by the musk-sellers, fragrant the white teeth she showed thee, fragrant the mouth of her.
So is a garden new planted fresh in its greenery, watered by soft-falling raindrops, treadless, untenanted.
Lo, on it rain-clouds have lighted, soft showers, no hail in them, leaving each furrow a lake-let bright as a silverling.
Pattering, plashing they fell there, rains at the sunsetting, wide-spreading runlets of water, streams of fertility,
Mixed with the humming of bees' wings droning the daylight long, never a pause in their chaunting, gay drinking-choruses.
Blithe iteration of bees' wings, wings struck in harmony, sharply as steel on the flint-stone, light-handed smithy strokes."

Tarafa, "the boy," who died and left a scanty handful of songs and an inheritance of unfulfilled renown, has this picture:

"Alas for the dark-lipped one, the maid of the topazes, hardly yet grown a woman, sweet fruit-picking loiterer!
A girl, a fawn still fawnless, which browses the thorn-bushes, close to the doe-herd feeding, aloof in the long valleys.
I see her mouth-slit smiling, her teeth,—nay a camomile white on the white sand blooming and moist with the night-showers.
Sun-steeped it is, pure argent, white all but the lips of her, these are too darkly painted to fear the sun-burning.
The face of her how joyous, the day's robe enfolding her, clean as a thing fresh fashioned, untouched by sad time-fingers."

Of these Mu'allaqat only four, so far, have left any mark in English verse. In 1796 J. D. Carlyle included a portion of that of Labid in his 'Specimens of Arabian Poetry.' His enterprise was apparently part of the Romantic movement, but his rendering, though very smooth, has no trace of the glory and strength of the original; it is in the drawing-room manner of its day. In the sixties of the last century E. H. Palmer published a verse translation of the whole of Antara's Mu'allaqa poem, but it, too, is simply an easy, ineffective copy of verses. Burton, in his 'Pilgrimage,' gave a most tantalizing fragment, a version of Labid's two opening lines, in melody and suggestion by far the best of anything we yet have. Finally, Sir Charles Lyall has rendered part of Imr al-Qays and Zuhayr's Mu'allaqa entire. To these verse translations should be added his rendering of Labid's poem into rhythmic prose. There can be little question that these last are the most happy attempts yet made. Their scholarship is flawless; they are literal to a marvellous degree; and they give the atmosphere, and those in metre the lilt and ring, of their originals almost perfectly. Perhaps in his verse-rendering Sir Charles Lyall has been forced a little towards a somewhat higher Romantic coloring than is in the classical energy of the Arabic; no other criticism can be made. But his and Mr. Blunt's success in such varied forms brings back the old quarrel, whether Oriental poetry can most adequately for all purposes be rendered by the impressive prose of the Bible, or rhythmic prose, or, finally, by varyingly free metrical efforts. A comparison of the thirty-ninth chapter of Job with Sir Charles Lyall's and Mr. Blunt's 'Labid' would be highly instructive.

If Mr. Weir's book is not poetry in the technical sense, it is a work of great interpretative value, sympathetic and artistic, and full of the best historical imagination. He has taken a collection of biographies which a certain Ibn Askar—a Moorish hagiologist, who died in 1578 A. D., fighting, such were the party politics of the time, in the ranks of Don Sebastian, on that fatal day at the Makhazin when the Portuguese chivalry was destroyed and their leader vanished—wrote of the saints whom he had known, has rearranged them as they came chronologically and had part in the story of their troubled times, and has given us, thus, a very complete picture of these times on the side of the religious leaders, which means, in Islam, of the body of the people. The translation is singularly simple and effective; a note of sincerity is struck and held, and these 'Acta Sanctorum,' or, perhaps better, this 'Golden Legend,' is handled with respect and understanding. Moroccan conditions and ideas of to-day become intelligible to us as we read, and the possibility of our own mediæval life, even,

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becomes clearer. A single extract will show this best. A certain shaikh, Alee Hamamoosh, was on easy terms with the Jinn, companies of whom used to study the Qur'an under him.

"There lived a man in Fez who had a daughter of such surpassing beauty that the jinn carried her away, and whither she had gone, he could not tell. Then he was in a great strait, and where to turn he knew not, until one of the advice-givers bade him go and consult the Shaikh Alee Hamamoosh. To him, therefore, he went, and related to him his affair, and laid before him his case.

"'It may be that God will yet restore thee thy daughter,' replied the shaikh, 'but do thou go this night to the outside of the Futooh Gate, and sit there until the first half of the night is gone by. For the jinn, with their kings, will pass by thee in seven companies. But be thou brave and fear not, until the seventh company shall come up. Then go thou to its king'—and he described him to him—'and say to him, "Such a one [meaning himself] sends thee greeting, and commands thee that thou restore to me my daughter."'

"The man, therefore, did as the shaikh had commanded him; and he saw of the glory of the jinn, and of the majesty of their number, what it terrifies the intellect to think of. And when he stood before the king and had delivered to him the shaikh's message, the king ordered his company to halt.

"'Fetch me such and such a jinnee,' he commanded, 'and the human creature that is with him.'

"In half an hour they were found and brought before the king.

"'Take thy daughter,' said the king to the man, 'and give the shaikh my salutations, and say to him from me, "Verily, I am obtemporating to that which thou hast enjoined upon me."' And he turned upon the jinnee, and demanded, 'What led thee to do what thou hast done?' But the jinnee answered never a word, and the king commanded that he should be killed and crucified upon the spot.

"So the man came with his daughter to the shaikh, and gave him an account of all that had occurred.

"'Go in peace,' answered the shaikh, 'and see that thou tell no man of what has befallen, so long as I continue alive.'

"So the man departed to his house, and on the way, passing by the spot where the jinnee had been crucified, he found what looked like a dark-green beetle hanging upon a splinter of wood."

Here, the nocturnal demon procession of European folk-lore will be recognized, with a termination, however, more suggestive of Japan. Of other, similar stories there are many; and many, too, are those dealing with the daily life of the folk. Such a book as this of Mr. Weir's does more to make us understand Morocco, with its warring dynasties, its devout leaders, its ceaseless unrest, and its simple-minded masses, than an army of newspaper reporters hunting Raisuli's head.

WOOD'S FIGHT FOR CANADA.

The Fight for Canada. By William Wood. London: Archibald Constable & Co. 1904.

The prospective purchaser who sees Major Wood's book for the first time will probably ask himself, "Is this a *réchauffé* of Parkman, or am I likely to find something new in it?" The answer to such a query, natural and indeed inevitable, may be given without hesitation. The present volume is neither a diluted nor an embellished version of Parkman, but an independent study of the war—quite as independent as Casgrain's 'Montcalm et Lévis'—which approaches the contest from a different standpoint, is written in a characteristic style, and grounds its results upon first-hand knowledge. There are several signs which show that Canadian history is receiving more attention from Canadians themselves than has fallen to its lot for some years, and in the ranks of the true researchers Major Wood has his place. Though he owes a greater debt to the documents edited by Dr. Doughty than to the text or footnotes of Parkman, he is not a compiler, but an historian. This is a distinction worth making in days when Sir Gilbert Parker is publishing ill-considered "copy" on Quebec.

While fully recognizing the value of Major Wood's performance, we must venture to differ somewhat from the author regarding the nature of its importance. To us the book makes its chief appeal through liveliness and mastery of detail rather than through the novelty of its standpoint. On the contrary, Major Wood emphasizes, in his prefatory *apologia*, a single motive as one which informs and controls his whole narrative:

"The point of the whole argument is, however, that this great fight for the dominion of the West has never been consistently described as a combined naval and military operation in which the fleet and the army were so much the necessary complements of each other on all occasions that they perfectly realized the ideal of a single United Service throughout the whole expedition. And, this being so, it seems that any honest attempt to redress the balance, and do justice to the great silent service of the sea, would alone vindicate the book that made it."

Stated in other terms, Major Wood lays heavy stress upon the sea-power element in the war, much as if Mahan had written a detailed account of the operations at Quebec to correspond with his chapter on the coöperation of Washington and De Grasse at Yorktown. Major Wood makes his point clearly, and will undoubtedly do something to raise Saunders to a higher place than he has yet enjoyed in the opinion of the general reader. We feel sure, however, that a story of Montcalm and Wolfe which relied chiefly for its success upon an intelligent application of Mahan's ideas to a particular situation, would be far less meritorious than is this work of Major Wood. Nor do we think he could have made his narrative recommend itself so well as it does by pointing out and supplying the deficiencies of Parkman, or any other predecessor, in mere statement of fact. Major Wood holds the strategy of the campaign in a firm grasp, and interprets it adequately, but to us his pages are rendered attractive chiefly by his own enthusiasm, his skill in bodying forth the salient points of an existing situation, and the freshness of his illustrations. These, more than his development of maritime considerations which have become somewhat obvious, we hold to be his strong points.

One of Major Wood's best conceptions is that the "Fight for Canada" should be kept in line with the whole Seven Years' War. This elementary idea may, in the depths of their own consciousness, be appreciated by all writers on Ticonderoga, Louisbourg, and Quebec, but there is a very general disposition to divide the American operations from those in Europe. Major Wood, however, has heard of Kunersdorf and keeps it before his eyes, while his insistence upon the value of sea-power prevents him from mistaking the significance of Hawke's movements in 1759. Wolfe and Nelson are constantly compared and with a show of reason; but if one looks simply to battles, the companion pieces are the Plains of Abraham and the cannonade amid the tempest at Quiberon, both won in the same year by brilliant initiative and daring, assisted by remarkable good luck. We do not know that Major Wood could have gained anything by giving a fuller description than he has done of the course which the war followed in Germany, but one suggestion we do make bold to offer against a future edition. Since the root of French weakness was in Versailles, would it not be well to add one chapter on the court administration of Louis XV.? It is true that the subject is not a new one, yet, as the material is so complete and the connection with Canadian affairs so intimate, we think Major Wood might add a telling feature by inserting a few pages on the régime of the Pompadour. Moreover, such a sketch would harmonize well with the excellent chapter on Vaudreuil and Bigot.

Major Wood's strong belief in British imperialism, which is always apparent, does not detract from his sympathy with what was best in the life of New France or from his admiration for Montcalm's defence. So far as leading individuals are concerned, he displays little wish to disturb accepted judgments, though his language is more pronounced than that of most historians. Pitt, Wolfe, Montcalm, and Bigot have had their reputations pretty well settled for them at the hands of historians by this time. With Vaudreuil and Lévis the case is hardly the same, since French-Canadian writers incline to give them better treatment than they receive from outsiders. Major Wood, who does not mince words and has the courage of his convictions, tells the unpleasant truth about Vaudreuil without any euphemism whatever:

"He framed ambiguous orders, for the double purpose of embarrassing Montcalm and saving his own credit, whatever the results might be. But he never faced any of the risks in person, though he really held the command-in-chief; and he always threw the burden of executive responsibility on Montcalm, whom he afterwards traduced in his official dispatches. That he was a liar, a backbiter, and a pettifogger, utterly unfit for his great position, is proved to the full; and the best excuse that can be made for him is that he was almost as great a fool as a knave."

Towards Lévis, Major Wood is polite, but not enthusiastic. He declines to see any great generalship in the battle of Ste. Foy, and remembers the burning of the flags.

By making the Seven Years' War in America pivot round the siege of Quebec, Major Wood seizes upon the picturesque and critical incident, thus gaining force of impact for his narrative. Nevertheless, there is more to be got out of the struggle than can be extracted from it by one who nails his colors to the mast of a sea-power theory. A double issue presented itself: on the one hand raged an ancient, national contest between Great Britain and France, a contest European in origin, if fought out from the Great Lakes to India; on the other hand existed fixed grounds of antagonism between the English and French of this continent, an antagonism to which the policy of Dongan and Frontenac had given shape even in the seventeenth century. Had Wolfe failed to take Quebec, the result to Great Britain and the modern British Empire

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might have proved permanently disastrous, and, without control of the sea, the British victory could not have been won in 1759. Yet, considering the disparity of resources which existed between New England and New France, and the rooted hostility of the two populations, we are unable to perceive how control of the sea could long have prevented the English colonies from mastering their rivals, whether along the St. Lawrence or to the west of the Alleghanies. The colonial contingents that accompanied Amherst were not destined to play a spectacular part in terminating the war, but in any exhaustive discussion of the issues at stake it would seem desirable to give greater prominence to the purely American aspects of the question than is given here. Major Wood is perfectly familiar with Peter Schuyler and the "Glorious Enterprise," but he does not adjust his perspective to the idea that in all probability there would have been an English supremacy of some sort upon this continent whatever the fate of Wolfe's expedition. In offering this criticism we see that before us lie long vistas of historical conjecture. Our only purpose is to accentuate one issue of capital importance which might to advantage be placed in higher relief.

Major Wood avoids a display of pedantry and uses graphic language. In a word, he writes for the public, and there seems to be need that the public—even the literary public—should be instructed on matters relating to the siege of Quebec. Not long ago the Boston *Transcript* favored its readers with an account of the large hotel which recently has been erected in Toronto, and, in describing the frescoes, the writer observed (we quote from memory, but with sufficient accuracy): "One of the subjects is that famous scene in Canadian history where Wolfe, as he crossed the St. Lawrence, recited Grey's [*sic*] Eulogy [*sic*] to his troops before scaling the heights of Alabama [*sic*]." These lines were probably penned within five miles of Parkman's old study in Jamaica Plain—a circumstance which proves that Major Wood's stirring and accurate book is a work of utility, and not of supererogation.

Outlines of Psychology. By Josiah Royce. The Macmillan Co. 8vo, pp. 392.

An unpretending little volume, designed for a short text-book for students of sixteen and indefinitely upwards, the antipode of a cram book is this. It will not distend the mental stomach with bran, nor even impart much glow of repletion. Yet it will always interest every reader and often charm him. It will seduce a young person into close observation and close reasoning; and it will only be long after it has been laid aside that the learner will come to appreciate all the benefit he has derived from it. As an effective text-book it is necessarily an outline treatise, stating each point in explicit terms. Yet it is at the same time an essay in the sense of being animated throughout by a central idea, that of the essential unity of conduct and of cognition. We must not be understood to imply that it is a one-sided book, far less a book of one idea. It is a picture of the mind whose lights and shades are due to an evident centre of illumination.

The first result of this is that all the explanatory theories in it are such as physiological psychology propounds, albeit less than the usual proportion of space is given up to physiology. The strictness with which the author confines elucidation to that direction is marked, and, to our thinking, excessive. No doubt, that method is as thoroughly proved as can be; but that does not in itself in the least disprove the method of explaining one state of mind as caused by another state of mind. It may be that Professor Royce would admit this, but that he deems it needless and confusing to insist upon ideas to which common sense clings so tenaciously. On the other hand, it may very well be that he is an automatist; for there is nothing in his idealism to forbid his being so. It will be as an automatist that his readers will mostly understand him.

The author's unification of conduct and cognition cuts deep into the theories of psychology. An instance of this, that will interest everybody on account of its practical bearings, is his proposal of a substitute for that division of mentality into Feeling, Volition, and Cognition, which was brought into vogue by Kant, and which has been so generally employed ever since, in spite of the derision that has been poured upon it by almost all the writers who have availed themselves of it. The fact that no other division has been proposed that has proved convenient in half so many relations, would seem to show that, crude as it is, there must be "something in it"—that there must be some truth of which it is an ungainly and ill-fitting vesture. In place of Cognition, Professor Royce puts the phenomena of forming habits, whether of cognition or of conduct, giving to this the name of "Docility." Another thinker more than twenty years ago used the same word, "Docility," for one of three departments of mind, and with the same signification, except for a detail that we shall mention presently. We believe that this feature, at any rate, of Professor Royce's division will soon commend itself to all psychologists.

For what is habit-taking? We can conceive, and do observe, three kinds of direct effects of causation. There are, first, transitory effects which come into existence with the causal action, disappearing the instant it ceases. Such are the accelerations of motion produced by forces. We do not say that power is *expended* in producing such effects, since by expenditure we mean a transfer of something, not an annihilation. An effect upon which power is expended may either remain after the cause is removed without any tendency to change, when we may say that the subject upon which the change is wrought is *inert* in respect to that effect; or else, when the power is expended, the effect may at once begin to undo itself, the subject of the change showing a tendency towards change of a definite kind, when we may say that it is *elective* with reference to such changes. Thus, the law of inertia may be expressed by saying that all bodies are *inert* in respect to their velocity. That is, if an expenditure of exertion imparts a certain velocity to a body, it will retain that velocity unchanged after the cause ceases to act. The law of the conservation of energy may be expressed by saying that all effects of physical force consist in bodies being inert in respect to velocity, but elective in respect to certain changes of relative position. Thus, if a missile were thrown up into a vacuum, then, as soon as the energy of its upward motion was expended, the body would begin to return to earth, while, its horizontal displacement being a change of position in respect to which it is not elective, the energy of horizontal velocity remains in that form. To say that a nerve-track is capable of habit is to say that it is inert in respect to changes wrought in it by the passage of a nervous discharge along it. A physicist will hardly hesitate to believe that this is due to particles of the nerve being displaced by the passage in ways to which they are inert. If so, the phenomenon closely resembles that of a stream of water wearing itself a channel—a faculty on which every skilled ditcher relies.

Simpler things take habits—that is, behave as they have before behaved. On a cold winter morning, the sheet of ice on the countryman's ewer that offers considerable resistance to his first poking a stick to the bottom, will offer hardly any to a second poke, and none at all to a third. Any new behavior of any object whatever must be due to some new condition of that object; and ordinarily this will persist and cause the new behavior to be repeated. Thus, that which distinguishes the water-course, and still more the nerve, is not that it acts as it has acted, but on the contrary is these two features: first, that the number of particles whose displacement will facilitate the current is very great, so that many repetitions of the action continue to become easier and easier, and thus the habit is slow in its development, instead of being fully formed from the beginning; and, secondly, that in the case of the nerve the new positions of the displaced particles appear to have at first little stability, so that new habits are apt to be easily destroyed. The earlier user of the term Docility included under it not only the tendency to the formation of habits, but also the liability of habits to get broken up, which is certainly a most important characteristic of the intellectual man. It is probably his physiological point of view which prevents Professor Royce from once mentioning the consequences of surprise at the unexpected and the counterexpected, where an apparent rupture in Nature's habit produces a real rupture of our associations.

For the Feeling and Volition of the old triad, Prof. Royce would substitute respectively "Sensitiveness" and "Initiative"; and here we cannot think his proposals happy. "Initiative," according to his own analysis of it, consists simply in motiveless persistency in repeating an action. But this differs from Docility only as acting from a habit differs from forming a habit. Now, acting from a habit is just like acting from any other disposition, so that "Initiative" is nothing but Docility plus Volition. The author's unification of conduct and cognition should, however, have led him to regard volition and sensation, or the action of sensitiveness, as simply two species of one genus of mentality, that of reaction. For there can be little doubt that sensations react upon the stimulating causes as we know that volitions react upon the willer.

If we once accept docility and reaction as two categories of mentality, we shall forthwith be obliged to recognize a third. For, as is generally admitted, all formations of habit take place entirely outside of consci-

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ousness. We can only know that we have formed a habit by some experiment, although it may be an involuntary experiment or may be an experiment in the imagination. What we call pleasures and pains are nothing but sensations of any kind that are significant to us of our having favorable or unfavorable dispositions, of one or another of several kinds; and therefore when a sensation acquires a pleasurable or painful cast, or both, which it had not before, that is a sign of our having formed a habit. But, then, this is a case of becoming aware of a habit by experiment. Sensation and volition take place upon the very edge of consciousness. We have no direct knowledge of them as processes; we know them only by comparing what went before with what comes after.

This is generally acknowledged by psychologists in reference to volition. If there were any kind of sensation which we might expect to take in the act, it would be the case of the emergence of an idea into consciousness by a suggestion addressed to an association. But we cannot catch even this in the process of emerging. To a man standing between the rails of a track on which a locomotive is approaching, it is successive sudden enlargements that he perceives. The sense of continuous change is an affair of quasi-inference. Thus we have no immediate consciousness either of facts of docility or of facts of reaction. Since, then, we are conscious, we must admit immediate consciousness, or feeling, as a third category of mentality.

What we have said must be taken as a small sample of the stimuli to reflection that are richly strewn upon these pages. We regret that we should have left ourselves no space to illustrate the skill with which the reader of them will be taught to draw practical corollaries from the truths of the new science.

Machiavelli and the Modern State. By Louis Dyer. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1904.

This little book is based on three lectures which Mr. Dyer gave at the Royal Institution several years ago. They rarely seem to grapple with the main subject, while they discuss elaborately side issues. We are not quite sure what Mr. Dyer wishes us to infer from his demonstration that Machiavelli had no very accurate understanding, in the modern scientific sense, of Roman history; or that he did not invent a code of morals; or that when he discoursed on the Romans, he was really thinking of the Swiss; or that he was a poor judge of men; or that he drew an imaginary portrait of Castruccio Castracani to illustrate some of his own political views; or that he was so hypnotized by Cæsar Borgia that he regarded him as the model prince. If all these allegations were proved, which we can hardly concede, how would they explain the immense power which Machiavelli's masterpiece has had, and will long continue to have, over statesmen and governments? If he was the simple soul Mr. Dyer hints of, all the more wonder that he went literally to the very bedrock of statecraft.

Because Machiavelli happens to make an allusion only three lines long to Lorenzo de' Medici, Mr. Dyer argues that "such a failure [to portray] must serve to warn the readers of 'The Prince' that its gifted writer was no reader of human character." Surely a sweeping conclusion to draw from a small premise! The truth is, that Machiavelli did not intend to paint Lorenzo's character in detail. Again, why should the fact that "Machiavelli never had anything like an intimate intercourse with any of the great personalities of his day—excepting only Cæsar Borgia, and, at a much later time, Guicciardini," unfit him for writing 'The Prince'? Mr. Dyer explains further that Machiavelli was too unaristocratic by birth to understand his "social superiors"—an argument which, with equal validity, might be brought against most of the world's great men. How could Napoleon "understand" the altitudes and profundities of the Bourbon *noblesse*, or Bismarck, the incorrigible Junker, fathom the sublimities of the Prussian Kings whom he served?

These instances, which might be multiplied, awaken distrust in the soundness of Mr. Dyer's judgment, and our distrust is confirmed when we compare his translations from Machiavelli with the originals. Take, for example, the reference to Lorenzo just mentioned. Machiavelli wrote: "So that if we consider his gay life and his grave, there appeared in him two almost different persons joined by an impossible joining." Mr. Dyer translates: "Take into account his two prevailing moods, the grave and the gay, and you shall discover in him not one but two persons, marked by contradictory notes that blend into an impossible union of incongruous opposites." This is paraphrasing—with a vengeance; and it is all the more unwarranted because Machiavelli is the tersest of modern writers. To represent him by such a very flowing version does him as much injustice as it would do Tacitus. Again, Dante's "un solo principe" Mr. Dyer renders "one sole prince *and potentate*" (p. 50), and he transforms Dante's simple "de jure" into "by *divine* right" (p. 51), using a technical political phrase which Dante never intended; likewise, Machiavelli's dictum, "The chief foundations of all states . . . are *good* laws and *good* arms," into "The indispensable foundations upon which are built all states . . . are *steadfast* laws and *steadfast* arms"—a very different proposition. The laws which have perpetuated despotism in Russia are "steadfast" enough, but they are not "good."

On the whole, we must confess to disappointment, and this is keener because, in his preface, Mr. Dyer led us to expect just such a study of Machiavelli as is needed. He has worked industriously over his material, as his collating shows, but he has an unhappy knack of hunting down unprofitable clues. It matters little whether Machiavelli was thinking of the Swiss when he discoursed on the Romans; what we need to know is how he came to formulate his terrific treatise, and why, if Cæsar Borgia was his model, the Machiavellian principles have cropped out in all modern States and nearly all rulers since his time. Frederick, Napoleon, Bismarck, Beaconsfield, Rhodes, Chamberlain, were true Machiavellians; and President Roosevelt, in his letter of acceptance the other day, revealed himself an apt disciple.

Geschichte des Möbels; unter Berücksichtigung der Architektonischen und Tektonischen Formen: Eine Stillehre für Bau- und Möbeltischler. Die Entwicklung des Möbels von den Anfängen des menschlichen Wohnhaus bis zur römischen Kaiserzeit, unter Einbeziehung des Mobiliars in den ostasiatischen Ländern. Von Dr. Alfred Koeppen und Carl Breuer. Mit 423 Abbildungen. Berlin and New York: Bruno Hessling. 1904. Pp. viii., 309.

This quarto volume is announced as the first of a series, a general work on the history of that which we cannot express in English by one word or compound term. *Mobilier* in French, *Mobiliar* in modernized German, express and describe everything that is useful and portable—kitchen utensils and costumes, tools and weapons, metal and pottery vessels, furniture of wood, bronze, and marble. An examination of the present volume shows that it is intended to explain the history of furniture, *Möbel*, the smaller thing, by an examination of *Mobiliar*, the larger one; and that it is in every respect as general in its purpose as might be indicated by the above list of minor subjects. The inquiry ranges over antiquity, prehistoric and of the classical epoch, the aboriginal life of America and Africa, the world of India, China, and Japan. Mediæval Europe and the European peoples of later times are to be treated in future volumes. The purpose of the work and the system adopted are set forth in a preface signed by Dr. Koeppen, and in this he gives credit to his associated author, Mr. Breuer, for his part, which seems to be that of travel and observation in many lands, and later the preparation of the treatise, correspondence, and the selection of material. A very interesting table of contents occupies four of the large pages, each separate title of chapter or section being followed by the bibliography of that department. This is an unusual feature, and should be welcome to every student, presenting, as it does, in a very accessible form, the material for wider study.

In order to explain the full significance of the movable objects, our authors have gone so far back into the origin of things that the Immovable also is treated. The peculiarities of ancient Persian architecture, with the bull-head capitals, the doorways decorated with rosettes, the slender colonnades, and the massive portals, are all treated in text and in illustration, that the facts concerning the little-known subject of movable furniture among the Persians may be the better understood. The same disposition is noticeable with regard to the arts of ancient Egypt; and the almost unseizable *Mobiliar* of the Aztecs is explained as well as may be by sculptures of façades, taken in connection with a few articles of wood and of hard stone found in Peruvian and other tombs. So in the absorbingly interesting subject, the furniture of the Greeks of classical times, the authors have been compelled to draw their material from medallions, vase-paintings, bas-reliefs of funereal and memorial character, and decorative statuettes and groups, to which are to be added a few pieces of actually existing furniture, such as the marble chairs in the front row of the Theatre of Bacchus at Athens, and a very few wooden chests and caskets found in the Crimea and in Egypt. Plans of Grecian and Roman houses are given, though with great reserve, in order the better to explain the placing and utilization of pieces of furniture. With the Roman times more freedom is possible, for there is much more material at hand,

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thanks to the discoveries in the country about Vesuvius.

So far, with respect to the arts of antiquity, there is no fault to be found with the completeness of the work. All is said and shown that could be asked with reason. It is only when still existing civilizations are treated, those of India, China, and Japan, that we ask whether it is really possible to do justice to the subject in so limited a space. Granted that it is a matter of proportion, and that the relative importance of, say, Chinese civilization would not justify the appropriation of more pages and more cuts than are given it here, it must still occur to every one how very little is said compared with what there is to say. To China is given 28 pages, including 30 half-tone illustrations, but as these include several pieces of grandiose architecture and sculpture, and as the slightest acquaintance with the subject furnishes to the memory an immense amount of wholly trustworthy material in paintings, carvings, and embroidery in addition to the actual pieces in our collections, the student must suffer from the sense that these painstaking and accurate authors have given him so little compared with what there was to give. As for Japan, of course a volume of the size of this one could be filled without leaving the museums of one European city, and yet the authors have felt themselves obliged to limit their work to the same space that is allowed to China.

No further exception can be taken. The choice and the presentation of the objects represented and described are altogether praiseworthy, nor can the reader fail to observe the sympathetic treatment which each of these varying peoples and epochs has received at the authors' hands.

American Renaissance: A Review of Domestic Architecture. By Joy Wheeler Dow. New York: William T. Comstock. 1904. Pp. 182. Ninety-six half-tone plates.

This can scarcely be called a learned treatise, but it is a vastly entertaining book. Its author is not merely a skilful architect: he is a wag, a humorist. He not only sees the fun in things, but, what is rarer, he puts it so that others must see it. And what matters it if his English is not always of the best or his sentences by no means uninvolved? He has a profound and well-grounded belief in the excellence of American architecture in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and he makes his reader feel it and share it. Even the early nineteenth century affords him many worthy examples of an art that has not yet reached its decadence; and in what he calls the "Transitorial Period"—that time of crudity so scathingly arraigned in the 'American Notes' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' and so guilelessly exposed in the diary of Philip Hone—he has an eye open for all that is good even in the Victorian Gothic cottage and the Greek-temple dwelling house. And, of a truth, there was much good architecture in this despised time, as in the Sargent house in New Haven, with its ample scale and its simple scheme.

It is when he reaches the sixties, the years of the Italian villa and the Mansart roof, that Mr. Dow finds a fair field for grim fun-making. The "Reign of Terror" he calls it, and the name is apt enough to stick to the thing. Even in this, the lowest of all states to which American architecture fell, he finds some good. The spaciousness of the rooms, the simplicity and amplitude of the house plans, lead him to say that "there is no good reason why we should not exploit such architecture to-day, save one—Man cannot live by bread alone." No one can express in fewer words than these the utter poverty of the style in all the nobler qualities of architecture. Of the fashionable vagaries of our architecture since 1876, the close of the "Reign of Terror"—that is to say, of the Eastlake style, the Queen Anne, the Romanesque, the revived Colonial—Mr. Dow has much to say that is none the less true for being so entertainingly put.

Though rambling, discursive, and full of quips and quirks, the book is sound. Its author's discernment is keen and his taste sure. The illustrations are abundant, and include both the bad and the good; and while it requires a good deal of egotism on the part of an author to include ten or a dozen views of houses of his own design in such a book, it must be confessed that the examples of Mr. Dow's personal work hold their own remarkably well.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alger, John Goldworth. Napoleon's British Visitors and Captives. 1801-1815. James Pott & Co. $2.50 net.
Barrett, Wilson. The Never-Never Land. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Bellamy, William. A Third Century of Charades. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 85c. net.
Brown, Abbie Farwell. The Flower Princess. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Browne, Frances. Granny's Wonderful Chair. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Burton, Ernest Dewitt. Studies in the Gospel According to Mark. The University of Chicago Press. $1.
Canfield, H. S. Fergy the Guide. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Chambers, Robert W. River-Land. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Chancellor, William Estabrook, and Hewes, Fletcher Willis. The United States: A History of Three Centuries. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Compton, Herbert. Indian Life in Town and Country. Putnams. $1.20.
Corelli, Marie. God's Good Man. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Crockett, S. R. Red Cap Tales. Macmillan. $2.
Crockett, S. R. The Loves of Miss Anne. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Darrow, Clarence C. Farmington. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Gladden, Washington. Where Does the Sky Begin? Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Granville, Ernest. In Search of the Okapi. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Hancock, H. Irving. Jiu-Jitsu Combat Tricks. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Hume, Martin. The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth. 2d ed. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Hyde, William De Witt. From Epicurus to Christ. Macmillan. $1.50.
Jastrow, Marcus. A Dictionary of the Targumim, the Talmud Babli and Yerushalmi, and the Midrashic Literature. Two vols. London: Lusac & Co.; New York: Putnams. $29.
Jerome, Jerome K. Tommy & Co. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Martin, George Madden. The House of Fulfilment. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Matthews, Brander. Recreations of an Anthologist. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Mitchell, S. Weir. New Samaria. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25.
Musset, Paul de. Mr. Wind and Madam Rain. Translated by Emily Makepeace. Putnams. $2.
Oppenheim, E. Phillips. The Betrayal. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Payson, William Farquhar. Debonnaire. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Post, Emily. The Flight of a Moth. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Repplier, Agnes. Compromises. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Saleeby, C. W. The Cycle of Life according to Modern Science. Harpers. $2 net.
Sandys, Edwyn. Sportsman "Joe." Macmillan. $1.50.
Sinclair, Upton. Manassas. Macmillan. $1.50.
Smith, Gertrude. Little Precious. Harpers. $1.30 net.
Strang, Herbert. The Light Brigade in Spain. Putnams. $1.50.
Taggart, Marion Ames. The Little Grey House. McClure, Phillips & Co.
The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton. Told in part by Herself and in part by W. H. Wilkins. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.60 net.
The World's Work. St. Louis Fair Number. The Library Edition. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Tomlinson, Everett T. The Rider of the Black Horse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Upward, Allen. Secret History of To-day. Putnams. $1.50.
Walker, Emma E. Beauty through Hygiene. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1 net.

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